The Bystander, October 20, 1920. No 881. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"PULL TOGETHER"

(If only they would!)

ENTERTAINMENTS

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Fair Play for the Crowd

Now that it is all past and over a little truth may, profitably perhaps, be employed. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the intense desire of London to give a great welcome to the Prince of Wales on his return, and that she failed in a great measure to do so is not her fault. London is too large to do this sort of thing without careful organisation. A small city or a village can turn out *en masse*, express its feeling, and the thing is done. But in London it is different. Unless those mysterious beings whom we vaguely call "the authorities" do their duty, the people of London are hopelessly handicapped. I am not thinking of flags or "schemes of decoration." Anyone who has seen the great public demonstrations in London for the last five-and-twenty years knows by now that these only count before the event. On the day itself they are simply lost in the crowd. But the crowd must be given fair play.

"I Never Saw Him at All"

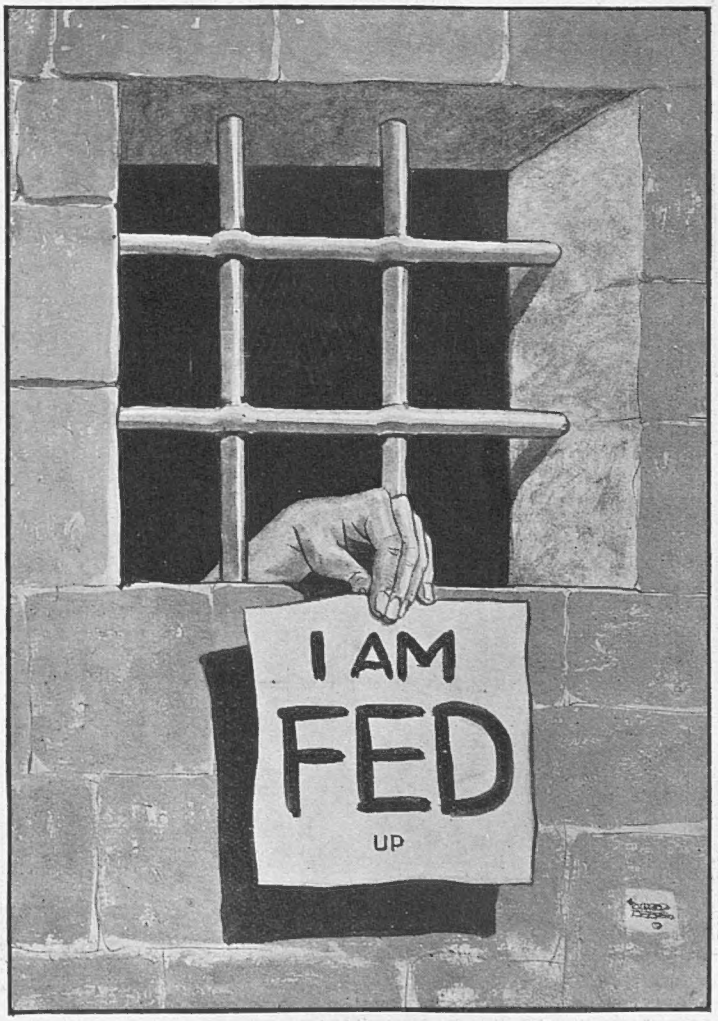
What was the matter with the reception of the Prince? Its warmth and heartfelt display of affection left nothing to be desired. But the whole thing should have been so much better. The people turned out to see the Prince and give him a welcome home. How many of them actually saw him? Certainly a very small percentage of the huge crowd in Trafalgar Square and at the top of Whitehall. "I never saw him at all," one heard on every hand from people who had been cheering lustily and waving their handkerchiefs and hats because they knew that somewhere below the coachman and footmen, whose hats and scarlet-clad shoulders were visible, was a carriage in which was seated the Prince of Wales. The Prince can ride and he should have been mounted on a sixteen-hand horse, then everyone would have seen him and everyone would have been satisfied.

Photographic Proof

The route should have been longer. Thousands upon thousands stayed at home because they feared the crush upon the short line and knew, from experience, how few can see anyone seated in a carriage. Look at the photographs and mark the level of the Prince's head compared with that of the spectators. That will give some idea of the numbers who could not possibly have caught even a glimpse of the Prince. And where were the schools, and the boy scouts, and the girl guides? Every young boy and girl that could be got there should have seen the Prince that day. The crowds outside Buckingham Palace for days afterwards proved how great was the desire actually to *see* him. However, it is impossible for anyone who was there to doubt the genuinely deep feeling shown by the people for their Prince—and "Prince" is the word. Let us hear no more of that colossal vulgarity "Our young man"—hideous echo from the servants' hall of fifty years ago.

How the Tailors Talk

"In three weeks you will have clothes almost thrown at you." Such is the statement made the other day in an evening paper on the authority of "a business man who really does know what is happening." I hope he "really" does. I would like to stand still for a whole day and have clothes thrown at me. But one has heard this kind of thing so often that it is rather hard to believe now. You can certainly see in the papers actual prices for many things quite considerably reduced, but in my



By Alfred Leete

THE TRUTH AT LAST!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

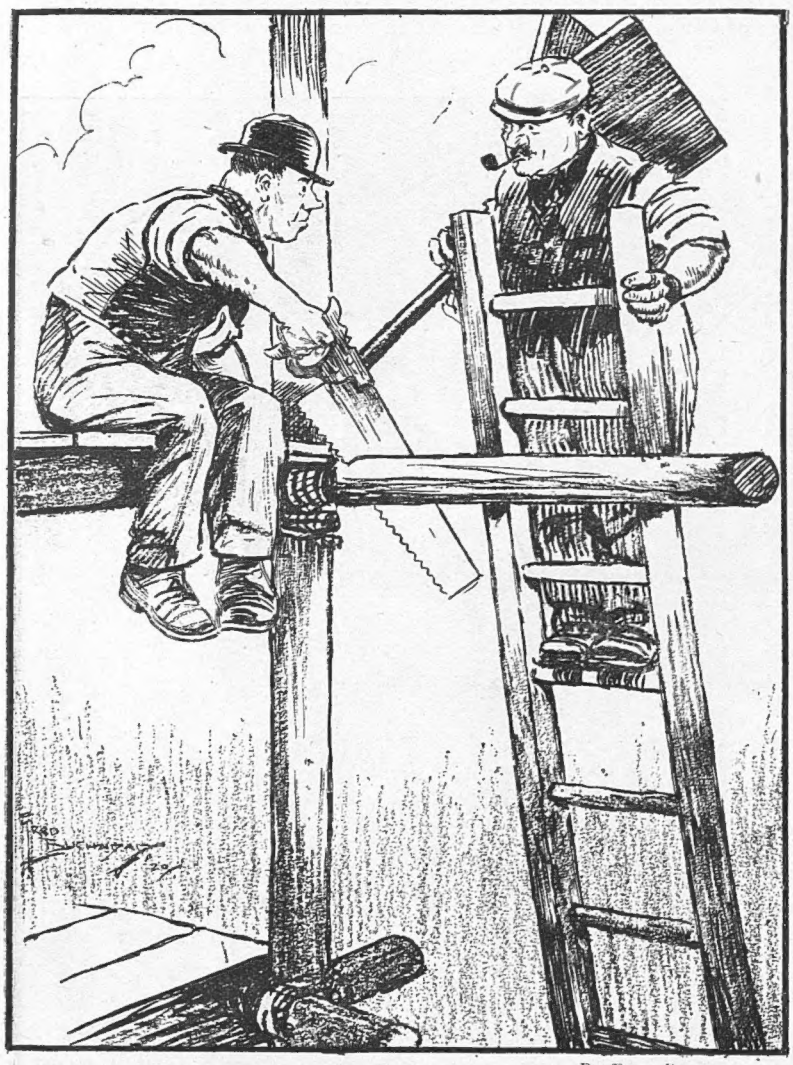
experience they are always things for which the ordinary person has no use, indeed, hardly knows what they are. Bread and butter and meat and milk keep steadily on the "up" line, and the only way of dealing with them seems to be a modified version of the Lord Mayor of Cork's. As for clothes, my tailor had nothing soothing to tell me this week. He showed not the slightest symptom of throwing any garment at me.

London Filling Up

We had to wait a long time for the summer, but October brought it along at last. At the same time London began to fill up rapidly again, rather earlier, I think, than usual. This was ascribed variously to the return of the Court, the home-coming of the Prince, and the pending re-assembly of Parliament. All these probably accounted for something, but I rather fancy that people got "fed up" with the cold, sloppy and uncomfortable weather in the country, and were glad to get back to Town as soon as the boys and girls had gone back to school. But whatever the reason, from the last days of September on, London has seemed much fuller than usual at this date. London hotels and restaurants seem to be crowded all the year round nowadays, but when Town begins to fill up the first place you notice it in is the streets—especially if you are in a hurry. When your cab is regularly held up before it can get into a main West End thoroughfare, you may know that London's millions are being increased by London's thousands.

Her 9s. Book

As I waited for my train at a quiet hour of the day at a quiet station on the Inner Circle, I shared the platform with three ladies. Two of them were elderly. These were eagerly discussing the novels displayed at the bookstall. They seemed to be hovering between a couple of sentimental "best sellers." The third lady was already supplied with a book. She was young—in the early twenties—pretty and smartly dressed. I am always curious to see what people are reading, so leaving the two elderly ladies to argue about their two shillings' worth of sentimentality, I walked past the young one. The first thing that caught my eye on the wrapper of her book was a large "9s." For a second I thought: "One of the new and expensive ones," but almost simultaneously I saw the title, "Materia Medica and Therapeutics."



By Fred Buchanan

MORE POWER TO HIS ELBOW!

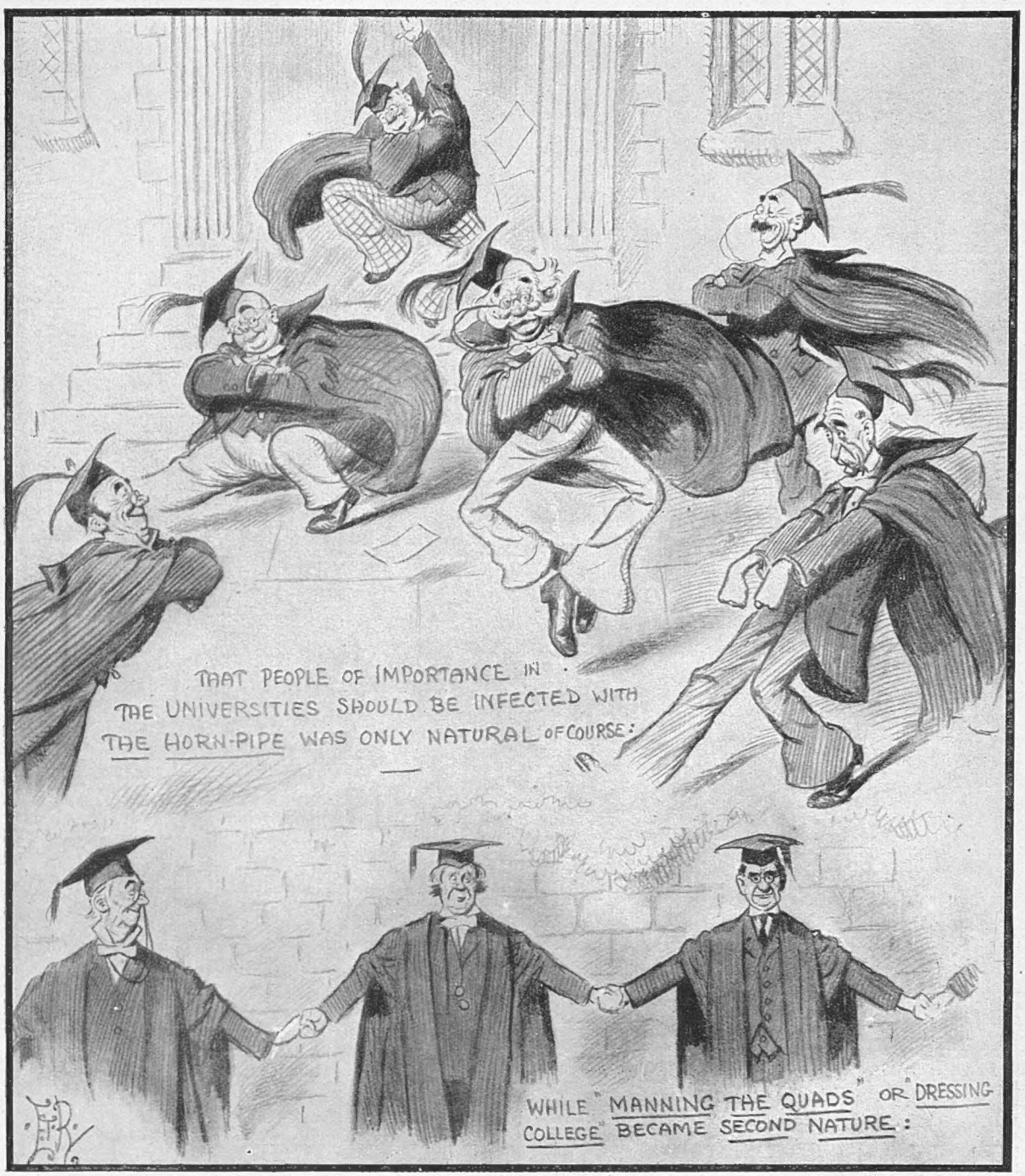
The Conscientious Scaffolder: "It's no use your tryin' to get me to do the 'ca' canny' business: I'm a worker—all the time!"

Students' Futility

Of course, she may only have been taking it home to a father or a brother, but I feel quite certain it was her own book. That very morning I had read in a newspaper that the men medical students of University College had had a meeting and passed a resolution in favour of excluding women from the hospital. How futile! The demand for women doctors to-day is greater than the supply. Well-paid appointments for which women doctors alone are eligible remain vacant for months for lack of women to fill them. When this is the case, it is useless for the male student to protest against the women—especially in a college where this year of the five medals given for medical science four were carried off by women. Besides, we all ought to know by now that women are going to be, and do, just whatever they think they will. And this will probably be found the easiest and quickest way of settling what they may fitly do, and be, and what not. They, of course, will decide from their experience, not we.

Allowances at Sandhurst

Perhaps too much notice has already been taken of the case of a Sandhurst cadet who has been



By E. T. Reed

THE ADVENT OF THE NAVAL SPIRIT INTO OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

With naval officers in residence in the colleges some change was almost certain to take place in the ordinarily sedate demeanour of the regular "habitués"

sentenced to three months in the second division for theft. The mere fact that such a case should attract so much attention shows how very extraordinary is anything of the kind. But a very interesting point, important to every father, was raised by the cadet's counsel, who said that the boy's father, "had been told by someone *who did not know*," that an allowance of £3 to £4 per month would be sufficient. It would be absurd to insist upon all youths such as Sandhurst cadets or Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates having exactly the same allowance. But these people who "don't know" should be prevented from doing mischief. It should be a fairly simple thing for the authorities to let a father know pretty exactly the *minimum* allowance on which a lad may fairly be expected to get along without any undue strain on an average character. I remarked recently on a newspaper estimate of £200 a year to-day for a man at Oxford or Cambridge. Anyone who knows anything about it, knows that this would be quite impossible, except, perhaps, for a stern young anchorite who could do without 50 per cent. of the real benefits that either place confer. But it is no less than wicked to mislead the innocent and ignorant parents of some hapless lad into sending him to worse than misery, where he should experience perhaps the greatest happiness of his life.

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The "Boy's" Return

I DON'T suppose any Heir to the Throne has ever had such a welcome as that given to the Prince of Wales last week. Except for the red liveries of the coachmen and footmen on the *barouche* and the attendant soldiers there was nothing Royal or "pompy" about it. The spirit of the vast crowds lining the roadways was exactly that of the throngs that used to gather when the leave-trains were coming in—waiting for someone to arrive, someone who belonged to them. I went with a friend, an attaché in a foreign Embassy, into the crowd near Trafalgar Square. I said to him, "Don't let us go to an 'official' window. Come with me amongst the people and hear what they say and what they feel about the Prince."

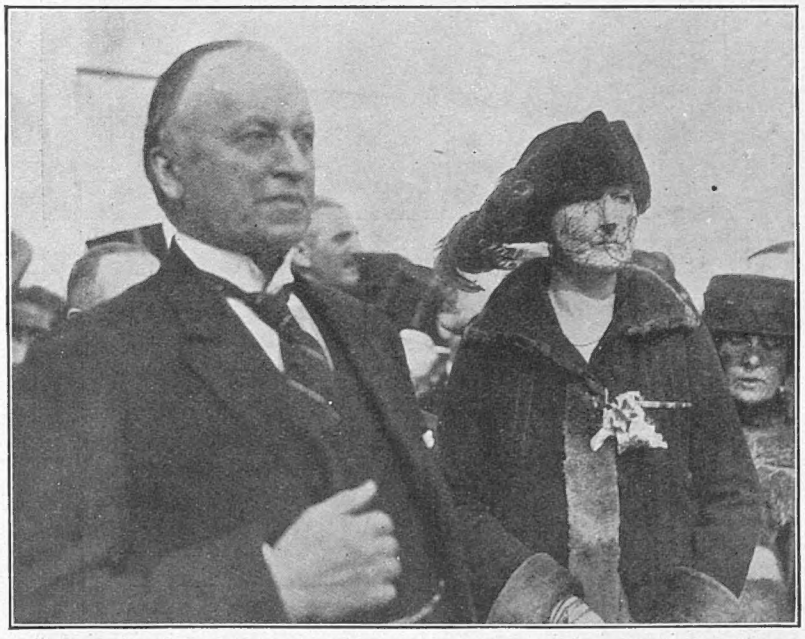
After the Prince had gone past my friend turned and looked at the serried rows of smiling faces behind us. "I've never heard such cheering in my life," he said. "It came from the heart, and there isn't any other place in Europe where the people would crowd like this only just to say, 'How d'ye do' to a *Prince Héretier*. It is wonderful! Now I understand! *Pas de circonstance : sans tambours ou trompettes*—only himself, *le Prince Charmant*, and the Prince of Hearts."

It was all said in French, but I have translated literally, and as my friend served in most of the capitals of Europe before the War sent crowns and thrones a-toppling, his involuntary outburst means much, seeing that for once the diplomatic ice was broken. As the crowd streamed into the roadway, chattering and talking of how *he* looked, how *he* smiled, my friend said, "These people! They love that boy," which goes to show that diplomatists are sometimes men of discernment.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

LEAVING ST PETER'S, EATON SQUARE

The Hon. Hubert Ponsonby, son of the Rev. Lord de Mauley, was last week married to Miss Elgiva Dundas, daughter of the late Hon. Cospatrick Dundas, brother of the first Marquis of Zetland



Photograph *Topical Press*

PRINCESS NAPOLEON AND EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON

At the unveiling of the Belgian Memorial on Victoria Embankment, which was last week performed by the Princess. Her Royal Highness is perhaps better known as the Princess Clementine of Belgium. She married Prince Napoleon, of the *ci-devant* Imperial House of Bonaparte, in 1910

Pepys Up-to-Date

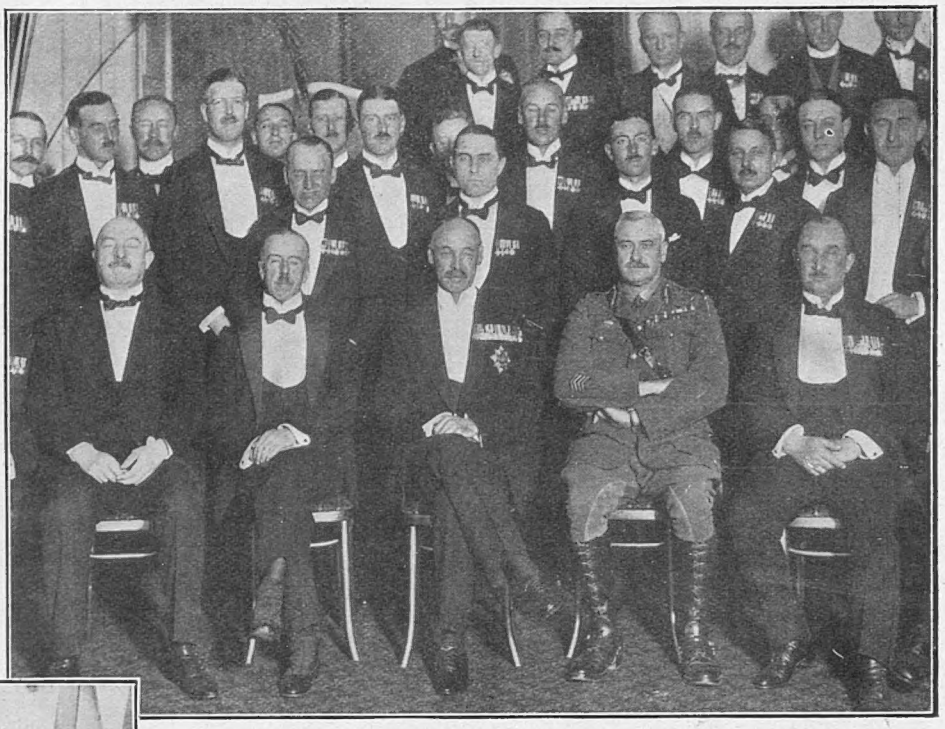
IF old Samuel Pepys had published his diary in his lifetime, the lovely ladies and gallant lords of Charles the Second's Court, about whose doings he wrote so fully and so frankly, would have seen to it that he was "dealt with" according to the manner of the time. And it was a most uncomfortable manner—a slit nose or cut-off ears, and standing on a pillory as a target for bad eggs and worse cats. But Pepys, the wittiest of old trout, wrote his diary in a shorthand invented by himself, and left it to a succeeding generation to decipher and publish.

We have our Pepys to-day—Colonel Repington. But a Pepys with a difference. His diary is nearly as recent as hot cakes,

and although, unlike his seventeenth-century predecessor, he respects the characters of his acquaintance, if you can judge by the talk one hears everywhere, he is the most unpopular man in London.

Most probably Colonel Repington didn't mean to convey the idea that during the blackest days of the War our English great folk were lunching, dining, entertaining and being entertained, just as if nothing were happening across the Channel. But that is the impression given by his constant entries of luncheons and dinners, with the names of all the folk he met.

If it were possible to do a little Sherlock Holmes work and reconstitute the majority of



Photograph A FAREWELL DINNER TO "RAWLY" [*L.N.A.*

Given by The Army Old Comrades' Association on Wednesday last, at the Savoy, before Lord Rawlinson's departure for India as Commander-in-Chief. Front Row (left to right): Major-Gen. Sutton, Major-Gen. Sir R. U. Buckland, General Lord Rawlinson, Major-Gen. Sir H. C. Holman and Major E. A. Parker

Photograph *Central News*

AIR-CONFERENCE CHIEFS

Visit the Croydon Aerodrome and have a look at the Vickers Vimy 'plane which recently won the Martlesham prize. Mr. Bonar Law and General Sykes are here seen standing by this machine

those lunches and dinners you would find they were scratch meals to which people rushed in to eat, get a little relaxation, and hear the latest scrap of news in a day filled with hard, grinding labour. I know one house where during the War there was an open invitation to friends working in a Ministry near by to go to lunch any day. The owner of the house was doing big work for women—fourteen and fifteen hours a day. That break at luncheon for her friends and herself meant a great deal in the way of rest and forgetfulness of horrors, but it would take an entirely wrong complexion if entered in a diary as "Lunched with Lady ——," followed by a list of ladies of quality who were there, with never a word that they were all doing war-work of some kind.

Photograph *Central News*

LADY GREENWOOD

Wife of Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, at Phœnix Park Races. Sinn Fein, it should be noted, does not appear to interfere with either the social or sporting sides of horse-racing in Ireland

LADY MACREADY

Wife of Sir Nevil Macready, Commanding the Forces in Ireland, at Phœnix Park Races

It is entries such as this that have roused so much resentment against Colonel Repington amongst the very people he belauds. Of course, we know there were a certain number of women who thought that selling programmes at War matinées was the only thing to do, but a

Photograph *Topical*

WHAT THE MORE FORTUNATE SAW, AND——

The Prince of Wales passing through Trafalgar Square on his return to London last week after his recent world-tour.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

——WHAT THEY WOULD ALL LIKE TO HAVE SEEN

His Royal Highness's famous smile of greeting. But, as may be seen from the upper picture, there were not very many of the enthusiastic thousands who had the chance.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

great many of the women whose names Colonel Repington mentions—and who did something more for the War than that—are not pleased that he should mention the fatigue of the programme-sellers whilst the world can only infer from his entries concerning themselves that they were giving or going to luncheons or dinners.

"Extremely Vexed"

No diaries, reminiscences, memoirs—call them what you will—have roused such a clatter as this book of Colonel Repington's. Wherever one goes it is the one topic of conversation. I remember nothing like it since Lady Cardigan's book hurtled scandals into the air. Her remembrances were mostly of dead people against whom she had a grudge because they shut their doors against her and refused to receive her when she threw her bonnet over the windmill and lived with Lord Cardigan during the lifetime of his first wife. There is not a breath or suggestion of scandal in Colonel Repington's book. On the contrary, it is butter, butter all the way, and laid on with a lavish hand. Yet all sorts of people are most "aggrannoyed."

After all, it is tiresome to read in cold print that when you drive your motor yourself you bump into everything you meet, and especially when you know that unless you happened to be related to the Royal family, neither you nor your bumpings would have been mentioned at all!

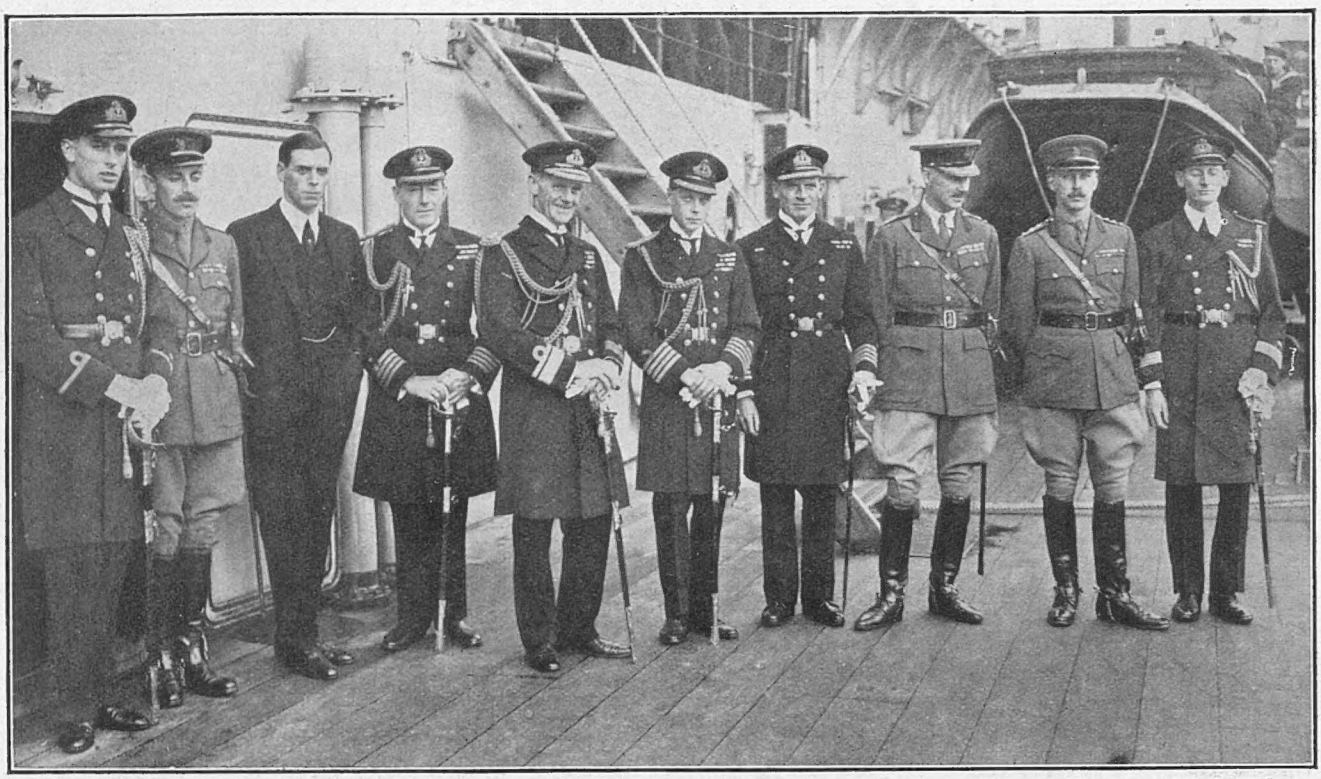
Photograph *Reginald Silk*

BACK TO PRIVATE LIFE

The Prince of Wales leaving St. James's Palace for his first morning walk after returning to England.

The Flight to the South

The season on the Riviera promises to be a record one. So many people who used to feel it their duty to remain on their properties because of local responsibilities, the shooting, and the many etceteras that surround the landlord have sold their ancestral acres. These are swelling the numbers of those who cheated the English winter of as many cold and grey days as they could before the War, and have now returned to their old ways. But let me give you this word of advice. Book your seats on the train at least three weeks before your date of departure. You will be lucky if you get them within three weeks. The nearer to Christmas the greater will be the rush, so if you want to go to the South and have neglected to take your Bystander's advice you mustn't complain if you are left "high and lonely" in London for days and days after the date you had fixed for your going to the joys of Monte, the calm of Mentone or Cannes, the blue sea and the sun.



Photograph *Central News*

ON THE "RENOWN" AT PORTSMOUTH: THE PRINCE WITH HIS STAFF AND THE CHIEF OFFICERS OF THE SHIP

Photograph *C. Vandyk*

THE ROYAL FAMILY ONCE MORE UNITED

This photograph was taken shortly after the return of the Prince of Wales at Buckingham Palace.

Peer's Daughter as Film Star

Photograph] THE HON. MRS. DENNIS WYNDHAM [*Elliott and Fry*

Better known in cinema circles as Miss Poppy Wyndham, she is the third daughter of Lord Inchcape, and is twenty-seven years of age. In 1917 she married Captain Dennis Wyndham, then of the Wiltshire Regiment, who was recently acting in "The Daisy" at the Kingsway Theatre. In the summer she played a leading part in the film version of Miss Ethel M. Dell's "The Tidal Wave," the scenes of which were laid for film purposes at the famous Kynance Cove, West Cornwall. She is now playing with the Broadwest Film Company and her latest film "A Dead Certainty" will shortly be seen

A NIGHT OUT AT THE WINTER GARDEN

By "JINGLE".
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a musical version of a farcical comedy that had a successful run in London some years ago. Now it has the advantage of having Mr. Leslie Henson as the misguided hero, and its success, therefore, should be greater still. It is, indeed, Mr. Henson's evening. He represents the henpecked husband, Pinglet, whose wife will not let him out of her sight if she can help it. And when a wife sits on the safety valve, as it were, in this way, the explosion is bound to come sooner or later. Not, of course, that Pinglet does anything very wrong, because our own Lord Chamberlain has a pious horror of anything like fidelity to life in stage plays. All Pinglet does is to take another man's girl out to supper, and even at that they get no farther than consulting the menu. The girl's name is Marcelle, and she is most daintily represented by Miss Lily St. John, who sings and dances most agreeably, and who has a kick that is as graceful as it is high. That is to say, it is a very graceful kick indeed. Marcelle is engaged to Maurice (Mr. Fred Leslie), but the young man is so diligent in his business that he cannot find time to take his girl to the gay spots of Town.

PINGLET is sympathetically disposed towards Marcelle. He himself would like to have an evening on his own now and then, but while he has the time he lacks the opportunity. One day, however, Madame Pinglet is called away to the country to visit a sick aunt, or something frivolous like that, and Pinglet reckons that his hour has come at last. He is just wondering where he will break out as soon as he is free, when Uncle Matthieu drops on the scene with his four charming young daughters. That settles it. Pinglet assures his wife that he has not the least desire to stay away from home during her absence. He will put Uncle Matthieu and the girls up for a night or two, and she need not hurry back on his account, as he will be quite all right. Madame, however, is not taking any chances on it. She tells

DAVY BURNABY AS MATTHIEU PUTTING HIS DAUGHTERS THROUGH THEIR TRICKS

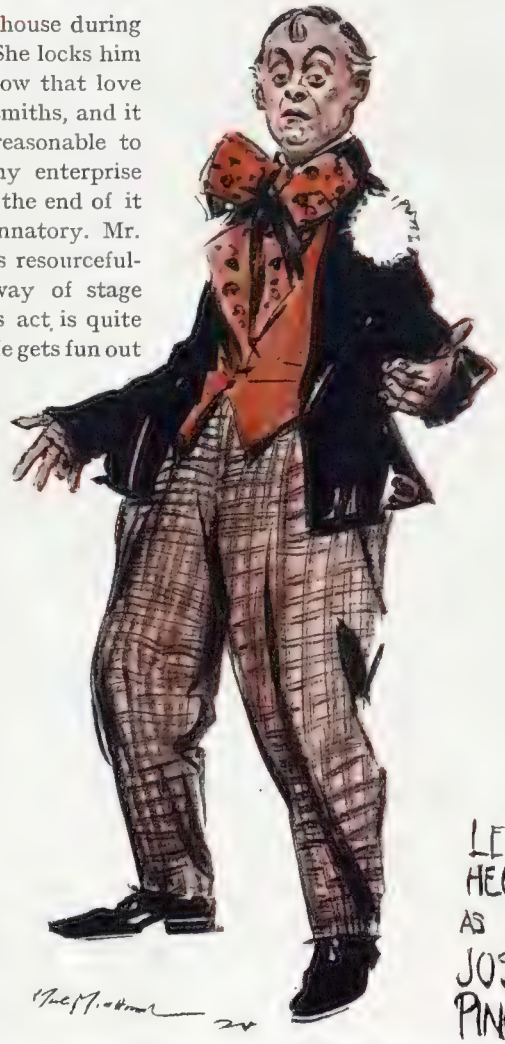
PHYLLIS MONKMAN AS VICTORINE

AUSTIN MELFORD AS MAXIME PAILLARD

Matthieu he must find a hotel for himself and his giddy daughters. About this time we hear that Maurice, the busy young man who is engaged to Marcelle, has been asked to inspect a room at the "Pimlico Hotel," which is alleged to be haunted. Then Pinglet proposes to take Marcelle to supper, and recommends—the "Pimlico Hotel." Matthieu, overhearing the name of the place, decides to take himself and his daughters there at once. Thus we have the pleasing assurance that we shall meet all the characters again in the second act. It would be such a pity if they were to get separated.

MADAME PINGLET is not satisfied with ordering her husband to stay in the house during her absence. She locks him in. But we know that love laughs at locksmiths, and it is, therefore, reasonable to assume that any enterprise with a girl on the end of it is equally cachinnatory. Mr. Leslie Henson's resourcefulness in the way of stage business in this act is quite phenomenal. He gets fun out of the simple process of changing his coat, and more fun out of the shape of his French tall hat. Then, finding the doors locked against him, he leaps on the window-sill, and having fortified himself with a sip from the canary's water-dish, he disappears to the accompaniment of loud laughter and cheers.

THEN the scene changes to the "Hotel Pimlico," the architecture of which is so conveniently arranged that you can take in at a single glance the entrance hall and the staircase, the interior and exterior of a supper-room, and the same details of a bedroom with a closed door, just across the passage. It is clear to me that Professor Einstein has not discovered that bent ray of light for nothing. The characters on the stage do not enjoy the privilege accorded to us of being able to see through a brick wall; but the enterprising waiter at the hotel is not without resources of his own in the face of this drawback. Having shown Pinglet and Marcelle into the supper-room, it occurs to him that an unauthorised survey of the subsequent proceedings will not be without interest. He, therefore, procures a brace and bit, and industriously bores a hole in the door.



LESLIE HENSON AS JOSEPH PINGLET

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

About this time something happens to Pinglet. He had swaggered into the hotel with an expensive cigar, which proves to have been a size or two above his strength. And while Marcelle is calling over to him the choicer items of the menu, he is kept busy in trying to keep the room from turning round and round. He is not as a fact thinking of taking any food at all. As the French say, *au contraire*. And a moment later he bolts up the flight of stairs to desirable solitude.

THESE are not phases of humour that one analyses closely. It suffices that everybody laughs uproariously at the distressing incident, and that is all there is to it. About that time Matthieu arrives at the hotel and is shown into the haunted room while his daughters are accommodated in the suite beyond. It is in this scene that Mr. Henson and Miss St. John have their charming duet: "Why didn't we meet before?" This is a question often asked, and I understand that the people who ask it usually make up for lost time by meeting a good deal afterwards. Then Pinglet discovers the presence of Matthieu in the hotel, and that adds to his difficulties in concealing his entertainment of Marcelle. It looks as if his sin were about to find him out, though to be sure there is not much sin in taking a pretty girl out to supper, so that it almost appears as if Pinglet must have felt guilty in anticipation, as it were. Matters are then complicated by the arrival of Maurice, who is shown into the room alleged to be haunted, and goes to bed quite unaware that the girl of his heart is supping with another man in the room opposite. A little later, Matthieu's young and lovely daughters, being in a freakish mood, suddenly emerge from the adjoining suite in their night-dresses and dance in the dim light with quite a ghostly effect. Maurice wakes up and calls for help. (Evidently, the kind of man who doesn't know when he's well off.) In answer to his cries, the corridor becomes crowded with policemen and horrid people like that, and as Pinglet is the first person they meet they try to arrest him. But Pinglet is not to be taken without a struggle; and half-a-dozen sturdy fellows go down like ninepins before his lightning fists. Then a policewoman comes up and Pinglet surrenders at discretion. I mean, you can always hit a policeman—if he will let you—but the policewoman is, of course, immune, and it isn't correct even to struggle while she grips you, for fear of disarranging her back hair. So Pinglet is secured. But, as the novelists say, not for long.

IN the second act there is a quite excellent "Dance des Chiffoniers" by Miss Molly Gilmour and Espinosa; while all through the piece Miss Phyllis Monkman threads her graceful dancing and her buoyant humour, ably seconded therein by Mr. Austin Melford, who is himself a humorist of considerable parts. Their light-hearted duet "I Never Knew" is one of the gems of the piece; while Mr. Henson has a triumph all to himself in a song to the effect that it will be all the same a hundred years from now. Still, as you will not have the opportunity of going to the theatre then—even if this piece should still be playing to crowded houses—the better way would be to go and see it now. It is a delightful combination of light music and bright fun, and should certainly draw the Town. JINGLE.

What They Really Say

No. I.—WITH THE INCOME TAX SURVEYOR

BY DELL LEIGH

APPLICANT for abatement (*to himself*): "Of course, the only way to deal with these people is to be calm and firm; perfectly calm and firm."

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Skinner."

"Morning."

"It's about this return of mine. Of course, the amount of my assessment, you know, is all wrong. Utterly wrong."

"Let me see, you are Mr. ——?"

"Mr. Veritas, The Cedars, Station Road."

"Ah! yes. Well?"

"Well, first of all, you haven't allowed me for my Aunt Lydia."

"But why should we?"

"But she lives with us, and under Section 9 ——."

"Of course, if she is dependent on you. Is she?"

"Well — er — practically speaking."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She is always there. In fact, she never leaves us. I wish to heaven she would. And then there are the children."

"How many children have you?"

"Three."

"Three children *living?*"

"Well, you see, I shall—er—that is to say, my wife will——"

"Children not living on April the sixth must not be entered."

"Oh, that gives us plenty of time."

"Really, Mr. Veritas, we——"

"But the whole thing is preposterous. For instance, you have added on an income for my wife."

"Hasn't she an income?"

"Well, you'd hardly call it an income."

"Why not?"

"It's so terribly uncertain."

"You have declared an average for her over the last three years."

"Yes, but *last* year Aunt Lydia helped her out."

"How is that? I thought your aunt was a dependent?"

"No-o-o, not, perhaps, a *complete* dependent."

"In any case, the income of a married woman living with her husband is deemed to be his income."

"You may *deem* it to be, but that is simply fantastic. You don't know my wife. We'll leave that, anyhow, for the moment. There is another hideous imposition. You have allowed me no abatement on my Victory Bonds and the Funding Loan."

"Victory Bonds and Funding Loan?"

"Yes, I got caught by that infernal Appeal."

"But you declared you were dependent on your salary, which did not exceed——"

"God bless my soul; I lend my money to my country in a time of national crisis, and you are going to charge me for *that?*"

"But you said you had nothing but your salary."

"This isn't salary. This was a legacy. Quite a different thing."

"When was the legacy left you?"

"Oh, several years ago."

"You have not declared these dividends in the past."

"I should think not, indeed. Why, one doesn't declare one's patriotism from the house-tops. A gentleman keeps these things to himself. And if you're going to be nasty, how about abatement for Charges on Income?"

"What charges have you got?"

"Plenty. My gas and electric light bills go up every quarter—and as for the laundry!"

"But, Mr. Veritas, your whole statement is most inaccurate —— the deeper we go into it——. I'm afraid we shall have to refer this to higher authority. Unless you would care to fill in a new form with me *now?*"

"Oh—er—thanks very much. I think I had better write to you——my lawyers—I think, perhaps——well—er—good morning."

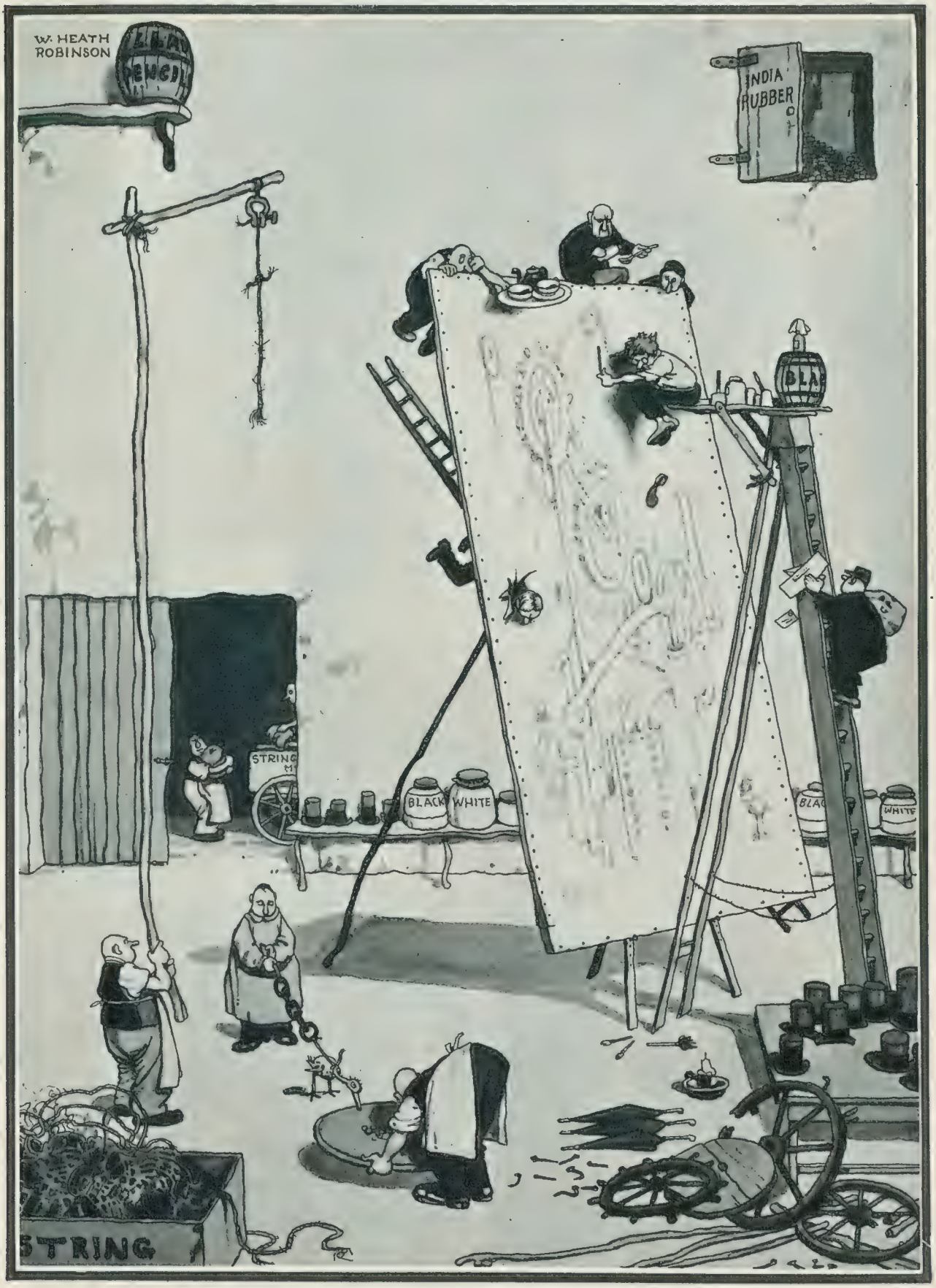
THE ONE WHO KNEW By RICARDO BROOKE

BEJEWELLED GUEST: "Don't like jewellery? You *are* a funny boy—I love it!"

BRONCHITIS CONVALESCENT (*gloomily*): "Ah, p'raps you've never been rubbed with camphorated oil and a diamond ring!"

A Heath Robinson Drawing

OF HEATH ROBINSON DRAWING A HEATH ROBINSON DRAWING



DRAWING A PIECE OF STRING FROM LIFE

Showing the consummate accuracy of this artist to attain which he spares neither time, trouble, nor indeed his own personal safety

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"YOU CAN'T DO THIS FOR EVER"

"At the Rotonde"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"A LA ROTONDE"

MES AMIS—

ONE evening last week the police have made a raid of the little cafés of Montparnasse to look for those who are become rich with the gold and diamonds of the Bolshevics. They have not found any gold or diamonds—one could have told them that before they came—but they have arrested some of our people who looked most wild and original, and have locked them up for a night and have given them a bath, which is always a good thing.

AT the Rotonde everyone has been jealous that it was the other cafés which have been raided and that they have left us alone, though it was at the Rotonde that M. Trotsky, so late as four years ago, when he has been only a little Jew of whom one did not take notice, has drunk every evening his coffee. Once I remember, when I have come on *permission*, to have seen him there, and so it is that always at the Rotonde we have famous people. At least, they come there before they become famous, and everyone is encouraged to think that some day, if they continue to let their hair grow long and to wear baggy clothes, they, too, may become famous and come no more.

Quel mélange it is this year at the Rotonde. Last night, when Marcel and I have gone to drink our *demi* in the yellow light of the wide *terrasse*, where it is still warm enough to sit, we have counted how there were not one quarter of the people there who were French. One could always tell them, because they were really not having shaved, and their clothes were really old. But the others make of that only a pose, or else they are very respectable like one has never seen at the Rotonde before the War.

"And have given them a bath"

TO count the nations has been too difficult after the first dozen. There are, of course, always the English, who do not even pretend not to wash, and are always serious and patronising and don't have very many ideas except that they should be nice and try hard to enjoy themselves without being self-conscious. Then there are the Americans, who have so many ideas that they never stop talking and criticising and don't do anything else. One day they will begin to work, and then it will be something very great, but it is still till then a long time. And of all there are just now most Swedes and Norwegians with very fair hair and a great many ideas which they have not been able to talk about for six years because they had to stop at home and do nothing during the War.

AFTER we had finished to count them we began to count the others, but we have stopped when we have reached the Greeks and the Jugo-Serbs, and Roumanians and Poles, and Indians and Chinese, and Japanese and Spaniards, and Italians and South Americans, because of the others one could not be quite

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Has made her eyes turn up at the ceiling"

sure, and, perhaps, it was not too discreet that we should enquire. All of them talk about art or scandal or how they have trouble with their *concierge*, and they all make so great friendships which will last till Christmas, when they will begin again with someone else, and, except the English and the Swedes, who are very respectable till they drink too much, they all dress as one should dress when one is an artist, but has not yet made so much money that one puts on a *smoking* every evening.

LIFE is quick at the Rotonde, and though it has been only two months since we have been there before, how everyone was changed. Every year it is like that. There is always a new crowd, but they all talk always the same things and make always the same discoveries, and have always hope. That is my idea how the Rotonde is different from every other place, and how it is always good. There is always hope. Everyone is alive, even the old ones who have played chess every night for years, and are the only ones who come every year. So it doesn't matter if it is more a mixture than the Society of Nations, because to have hope is so very good a thing, and almost it is only in the Quartier that one finds how it continues.

WHEN we have finished to sit and listen to the bad French and the English that everyone talks, we have walked down the street with Margot, who is one of those who is always happy, because though she is not beautiful, she is always hoping. There in the Boulevard Montparnasse she has found a *sou*. Now you know that a *sou* buys nothing now in France, but she has picked it up and put it in her pocket. "*Voyons a sou is a sou*," she has said when we have laughed at her.

THERE is in that all the philosophy of the French, and when she has gone home we have gone to a little *bistro* in the *rue du cherche Midi* where there has been someone singing. *Mes amis*, it is not at the Rotonde that your country people see the real France. It is to such little *bistros* that they should go only it will perhaps make them ill, because, you know, it is not very clean, and one does not open the windows. But there have been no strangers there. It has been all French, and perhaps Marcel was right when I have taken out my *portefeuille* to tell me to put it away, because it has seemed to fascinate the young man with the check cap who has sat in the corner, as if he did not wish to be seen by anyone he didn't know.

I DO not think in England you have ever concerts like that. There has been a tenor who has the idea that he is a great artist, and one day will be as famous as Mayol. With what emotion he has sung his songs, though his mouth is as big as a frog's, and one did not dare to look in case that one should laugh. And with what fierceness he glared at the little waitress with red cheeks who is just come from the country because she has laughed when one of the guests has had the misfortune to hiccough.

"She has laughed when one of the guests has had a hiccough"

THERE has been a woman, too, who sang. She has told us about her heart, and her love, and has felt again the emotion as she sang to be young and beautiful and *spirituelle*. When she has made her eyes turn up at the ceiling, which was quite black, and has sung about the strong arms of her lover, she has forgotten that her boots were all broken, and that she was wearing a man's jacket and a skirt, and had not, I think, any more clothes. When she has finished everyone has applauded as if it should have been Tetrazzini. One had to do that, or one should have cried like the old woman with the beard who has sat at our table, and has had, too, for herself the same ideas. PHILIPPE

Nearly Two Thousand Years Old

AGRIPPA'S FAMOUS BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER GARD

A Study by Gertrude Nicholls

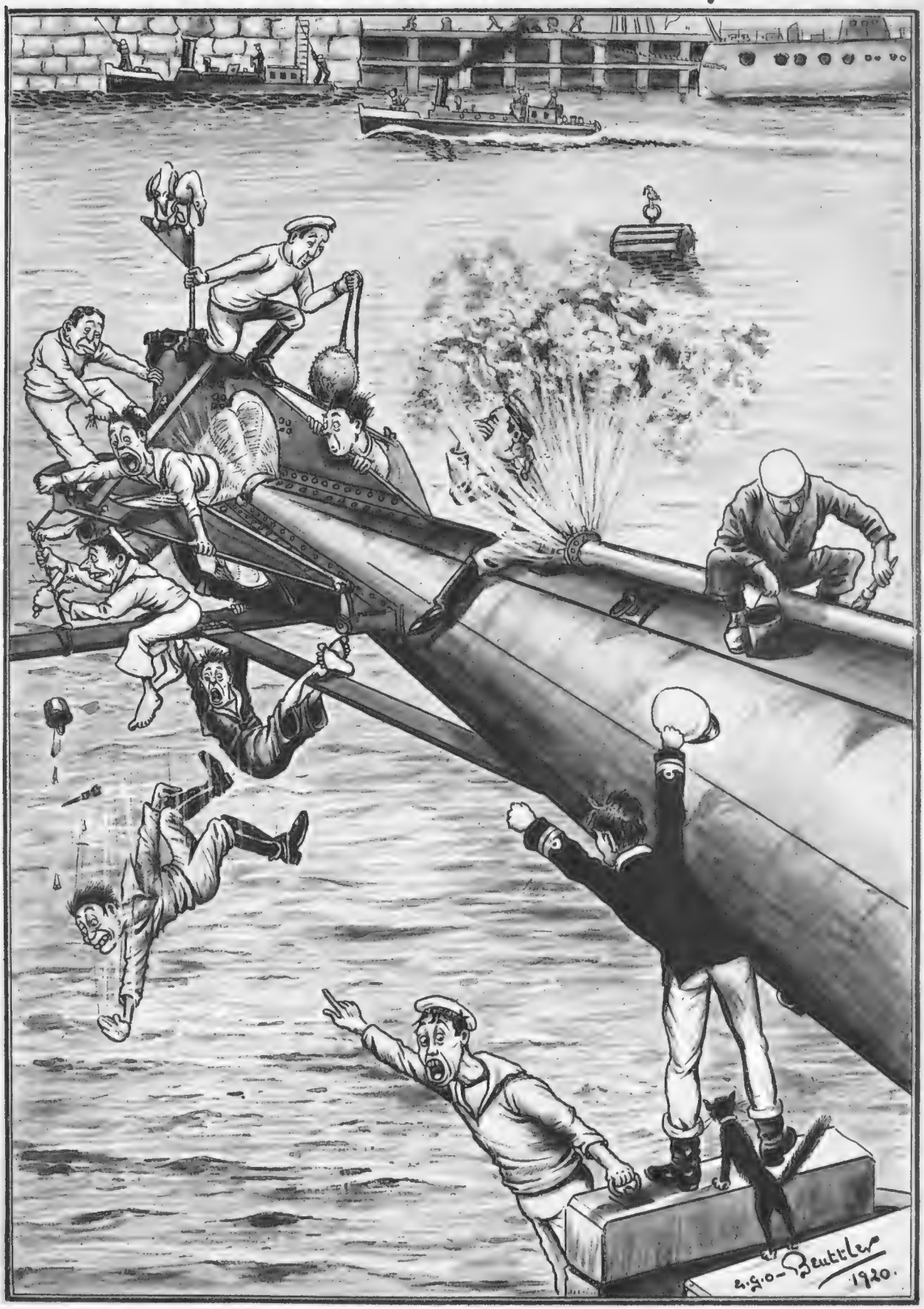
A scene near Avignon in Southern France, where the British War Minister has been spending part of the autumn recess. This district, owing to its healthy climate and great historic interest, has always been attractive to English visitors. The famous Pont du Gard is shown above from an unusual view-point. A wonderful aqueduct runs across it, which was originally constructed by Agrippa in the year 19 B.C., to supply Nimes with water. It is considered one of the most perfect examples of this class of Roman architecture in existence

WIDOWS'

BY WILMOT LUNT

"WEEDS"

Our Peace-Time Navy



BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. II.—A SMALL COASTAL SUBMARINE OUT OF WATER: CLEANING AND PAINTING STERN AND FINS

Several Cynics and a Little Sentiment

BY ERIC GORDON

PHILIP HENSON was an artist. That is to say, he made sketches and he painted pictures—extremely badly. Naturally enough, he did not sell anything much—business people and commercial travellers sell things, and, as stated, Henson was an artist. Twenty-five years on this planet and two in the "Quartier" had not taught him that to become an Artist with a capital "A," inspiration is necessary, while to become a successful artist one must either have money, influence, or the commercial instinct.

As Henson neither possessed, nor had learned the necessity for any of these requisites, he remained just an artist. What he had learned in the Quartier was the comparative nutritive value of—one, a lunch at the Pré-Calatan; two, rolls and coffee at the zinc-covered counter of a "cabman's café"; three, a cigarette and hope in the Jardin de Luxembourg, as a mid-day meal. He had also learnt how to get theatre seats free—in the "off" season; just how much of the Boulevard St. Michel was really the "Boul' Mich," how to get into the Bal Bullier on Thursday gala nights as the guest of the management, and to know the prettiest model who frequented "La Rotonde." He had not learnt how to obtain indefinite credit either there or at the "Café d'Harcourt," or how to live rent-free *au sixième*.

He sat moodily over a *bock* at the Rotonde on Christmas Eve, and decided that, from a practical standpoint, his acquirements showed a decided balance on the debit side. Certainly he had not included in the total his acquaintanceship with Florence Unger; but as he was taking mental stock very largely with a view to determining his future attitude towards this lady, it was necessary to leave her out of his calculations for the moment. She was not the Prettiest Model already referred to; she was beautiful, but neither pretty, nor a model, except of virtue, nor did she frequent the "Rotonde" or any other café. She was, in fact, an American, appropriately rich, and "frequented," if one may use such an expression of one of her social rank, the Hotel Majestic, with her father. Since she had picked up Philip along with one of the least atrocious of his pictures at a fifth-rate art exhibition a few weeks before, he also had frequented the Majestic, partly because he liked Florence, partly because he liked the *table d'hôte*, and partly because he disliked Unger *père*, who equally disliked seeing him there.

As Florence was absolutely her own mistress, Philip found her father's exhibition of impotent rage, in which newly acquired manners struggled incessantly with naturally vulgar outspokenness, intensely amusing. From which it may be gathered that Philip was a cynic and entirely heartless. He was quite sure of it himself. Neither cynicism nor pride are very good for one who wants to become an artist.

Just at the moment he was wondering whether he really did want to become one. From what he had seen of it, the process was rather a hungry and painful one. In his hand he held—the way of escape. This was neither a revolver, a razor, or a phial of poison, but an invitation to a dance at the Majestic that night. The very opulence of the paper on which it was written seemed out of place in the Bohemian atmosphere of the Rotonde, with its bare walls, simple tables, and extremely hard seats. Philip had carried it about in his pocket for about two days, awaiting an inspiration.

It was certainly impolite not to have acknowledged it—but bad artists in the Quartier do not become models of politeness, and Florence was a practical young woman who would overlook a little thing of that sort provided she "got the goods." He was quite sure, in his own mind, that that was how she thought of him. He rather liked it, for, in spite of a certain similarity of ideas, such as a loudly-expressed contempt for sentiment, common to them both, her greatest value for him lay in the fact that *she* had got the goods. That is to say that Florence Unger's husband would never have to lunch on cigarettes in the Luxembourg Gardens. He knew he had only to apply for the position to obtain it. Both of them were thoroughly disillusioned (at twenty-five and twenty-three respectively), had developed completely materialistic theories of life, and were prepared to enter into a marriage contract on a thoroughly sensible, businesslike basis. Florence would acquire an artistic looking, penniless Englishman with a charming manner, who remained a gentleman in spite of it, for whom she had conceived a passion so strong that, while despising it as weakness, she recognised that its object was necessary to her happiness. Philip would acquire a beautiful and affectionate wife, together with that which would relieve him from the occasional necessity of giving to cigarettes an entirely artificial food value.

None of these reflections were new to him—what was new was the fact that he had to decide definitely whether he would take the gifts which the gods and Florence Unger proffered.

"We shall be leaving Paris," a P.S. to the invitation ran, "shortly after Christmas, so that if you don't come to the dance I shall not expect to see you again."

That was pretty clearly put, and showed that Miss Unger was tired of dangling at the end of the string of Philip's indecision—perhaps, even, as Philip thought, that she had begun to be anxious about the Complication. For there was a complication, of course—there usually is in the Quartier, and her name was the same as that of the Prettiest Model. Though Philip had never mentioned the Complication to Florence, the latter had never asked any questions as to the existence of one. And when a young woman, very much in love with an inexplicably dilatory young man, fails to ask whether there is, or ever has been, Any Other Woman, it may be safely assumed that her instinct has already

SEVERAL CYNICS AND A LITTLE SENTIMENT (concluded)

satisfied her curiosity in that respect, and that she is too level-headed to appreciate scenes. Philip had a very high opinion of Florence's intuition and common-sense.

The Prettiest Model was everything that her name implied. That is, she was a model of prettiness and of precious little else; she demanded high fees for sitting to other artists to enable her to sit to Philip for nothing, and if it be urged against her that on the rare occasions when he sold a picture she helped him to dissipate his earnings in Pré-Calatan lunches, to her favour must it be recorded that she frequently paid for the rolls and coffee in the "cabmen's cafés" when he sold none. It only remains to be added that she was quite aware of the existence of Miss Unger and all that she stood for. Philip realised that. What he did not realise was that she knew, also, of the invitation to the ball, and all that it implied.

With the third *bock* he came to a decision. It was not a pleasant one, altogether, for the ball at the Majestic was not the only one which had to be considered that evening. There was another one at the Bal Bullier, to which it was understood he was taking the Prettiest Model—and the decision involved a cancellation of the understanding. That, he knew, was going to cause a pretty lively scene in itself; he also realised that it was no use prolonging the agony, and that their separation on the night of the dance had better involve their fuller and complete separation for life. He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and stalked out of the café, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his shoulders hunched—a picture of depression—a man who had just decided to ask a rich and charming girl who loved him to be his wife. He sat down at the deal table under the skylight in his studio to write a note to be sent round to the Prettiest Model.

"If I were a sentimentalist," he said to himself, "I suppose I should feel a bit of a cad over this. Thank God I don't. I am fond of her, she's fond of me, but neither of us imagined the other was in any way bound. I think she will be sensible in the end." He remembered a time when he had wanted to marry her, and put the memory from him quickly.

Then he picked up her note.

MON PETIT LAPIN—

I am not coming with you to the dance to-night—or going anywhere with you any more. I think the rich girl wants to marry you—and I want you to marry her. You have been very dear to me, but, of course, it couldn't last. I have always known that. I give you to her, *cheri*, and when you are rich and happy in a great house in America, just spare a thought sometimes for the days when you were an artist and a little French girl believed in you.—MIMI.

He sat perfectly still, reading and re-reading the note for fully five minutes. Then he became conscious of a faint rustle behind a canvas. He walked round behind it. There, on a pile of draperies, lay the Prettiest Model—fast asleep. Her dark hair was rumpled, her usually pallid, almost translucent, complexion now showed two big flushed spots in the centre of her cheeks, and her eyes were swollen. Philip looked at her for a moment—then stooped down and shook her by the shoulders.

"Wake up, Mimi—it's time to get ready—you *are* going to Bullier with me to-night."

. . . . . .

But the story doesn't end properly. Philip didn't become an Artist—he didn't even become rich. And the scene he had avoided that night with the Prettiest Model was nothing to one or two he had with her after she became his wife. He did become successful, however. What is worse, he became a sentimentalist, and in his worst attacks was heard to say that he owed all his "inspiration" to his wife, though what inspiration had to do with the blatant advertisements of a new Italian Vermouth and other products which provided him with a modest competence heaven only knows.

But the Prettiest Model was satisfied. As she remarked to her bosom friend on Boxing Day, "It was worth it, every bit—even the risk of taking the letter out of his pocket and the fifty centimes I paid François at the "Petite Richesse" for a translation. It was a risk—especially when I had to make a noise behind the screen before he found me. But I had to have him. She wanted him, too, but she wasn't clever enough. She thought he was hard, and practical—but I knew he wasn't, because he loved me! And, anyhow, I shall make him happy—without money—and then I'll sell his pictures for him, when I've taught him to paint to sell—and all because I'm a Frenchwoman and study men, while *she's* just American and expects men to study her."

Which is all very deplorable, and disconcerting to the moralist—but life very often is.

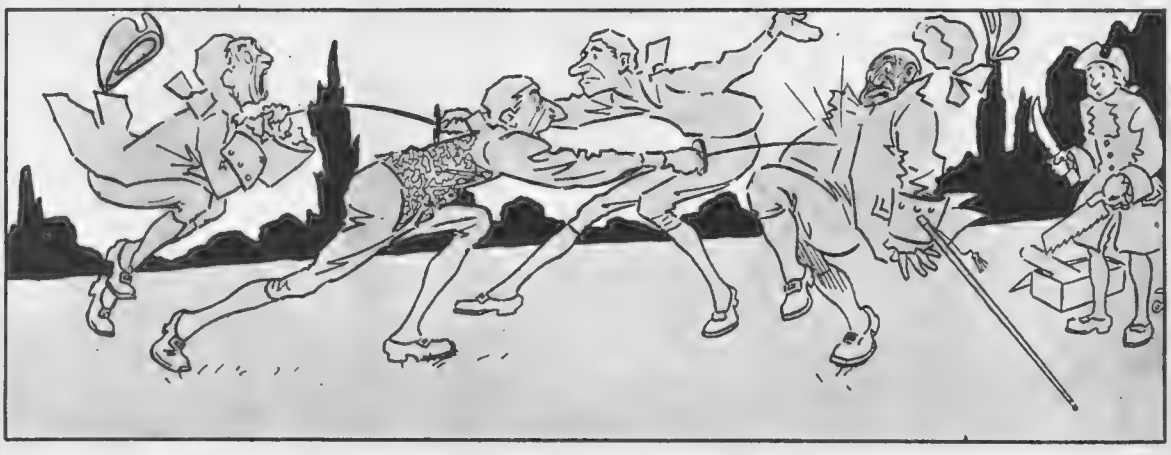
"T'OTHER FROM WHICH" [By THORPE

AGENT: "That's the maid's room, and this is the linen cupboard"

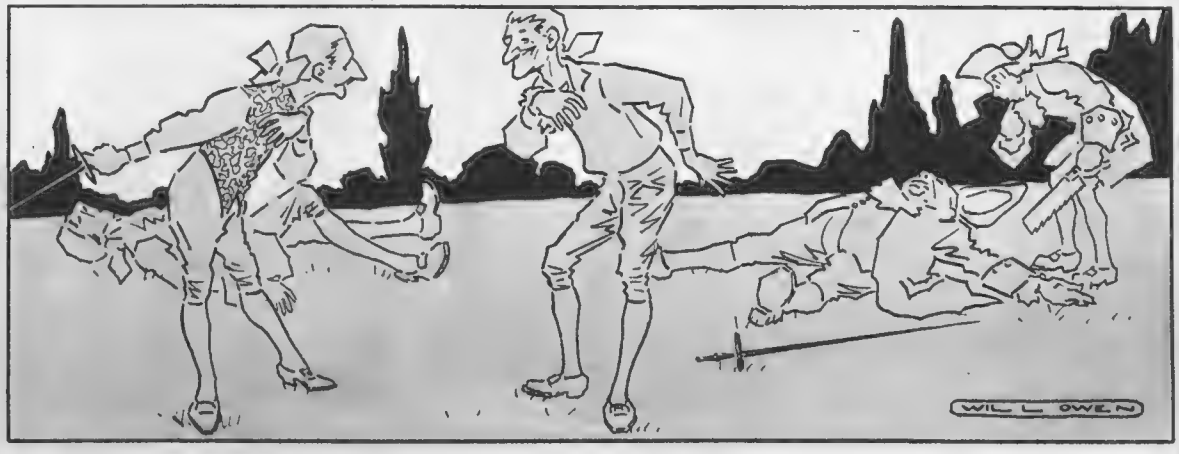
PROSPECTIVE TENANT: "I see the cupboard has shelves"

"An Affair of Honour"

SIR MARMION DE CROTCHETY HAVING A MIGHTY QUARREL WITH HIS KINSMAN LORD BUNION HATH ISSUED TO THE SAUCY KNAVE A CHALLENGE TO MORTAL COMBAT.



"OUT UPON THEE FOR A MARPLOT," CRIED THE ENRAGED BARONET "I WILL 'EEN SPIT THEE LIKE A CAPON"—BUT A PARLOUS THING DID HAPPEN



"STAP ME", CRIED SIR MARMION "THIS HATH BEEN A SPEEDY BOUT." "AYE ABOUT TWO SECONDS", LAUGHED LORD BUNION—FOR HE HATH A PRETTY WIT.

BY WILL OWEN

THE SORT OF THING SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY WOULD LIKE REVIVED

A "Vamp" Into Whose Snares

MOST OF US WOULD VERY WILLINGLY FALL

Camera Portrait by Lionel Wood, F.R.P.S.

MISS PEGGIE BRYETT

Who is playing as "Rita Sismondi," the Vampire, in "Business Before Pleasure," the famous "Potash and Perlmutter" play now on tour in the provinces

DRESSING ROOM DIALOGUES..

BY A.E. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HIGGINS

No. V.—MISS ELIZABETH ARKELL

"It's a long time since we last met, Miss Arkell, but I never expected you in hell."

"At all events, you cannot complain of a cool reception."

"I acknowledge it gratefully—in fact, warmly. But seeing you here is the worst shock the Grand Guignol has given me."

"Am I so very ineligible for the nether regions?"

"Not in the least! All the nicest people I know are up for election. I was thinking of something else. . . . Do you consider it fair to spring yourself on an old acquaintance with skimped-up hair and smuts all over your face? Look in the glass and be honest."

"Well it's gained me a faithful admirer, anyway. Observe this tray of cigarette-ash—that's the residue of all the cigarettes which the stage doorkeeper has smoked to-day. I use it for my make-up as Cinders in *Oh, Hell!* and he brings me a fresh lot each evening. There's devotion for you!"

"Ah! but the stage doorkeeper—that's easy to understand. He sees you *before* you make up, as well as after! . . . And do you like figuring in the Chamber of Horrors?"

"Meaning the Grand Guignol Company? I never had a cheerier time or belonged to such a happy family! The more pale and wan the audience grows, in fact, the better we all feel behind. I suppose it sounds rather ghoulish, but when people come to you to be thrilled it's rather satisfactory to see them shiver and shake. I notice they always revive for the revue!"

"And do you think the venture will be a permanent one?"

"I'm hardly the person to judge. But Paris has had its Grand Guignol for years; why not London?"

"But there is a difference, don't you think? Some of the Paris plays—but possibly you know more about them than I do."

"Well, I saw a good many of them when I lived in Paris some years ago, but I am afraid the only one that I remember at all vividly was concerned with about a dozen people all sleeping in the same bed. The action of the play was derived from the plight of a belated gentleman who couldn't find his place."

"An ingenious variation on the usual bedroom scene, certainly. But do you think in London——?"

"Perhaps not. But then, London will get its own plays."

"You think authors will write them specially?"

"Surely they will jump at the chance to escape the curtain-raiser? At present the one-act play hardly ever gets a chance of being properly seen and heard."

"That's a sound point. Sitting through a curtain-raiser is distracting, to say the least."

"Isn't it ghastly? And it's even worse to *act* through one, as I happen to know. . . . All the same, some rather delicious things happen sometimes. I remember on a certain first night, coming on at the beginning of the curtain-raiser, to find only two people in the whole extent of the stalls. One of them was the author! For the next twenty minutes there was the usual commotion in front of the footlights, and I had to fight all the time to make the play carry over it. At last there came a burst of applause, to show that something had got home. At the sound of the clapping a stately dowager stopped in mid-career, drew herself up, and bowed gracefully to the gallery!"

"I think I can guess the theatre, if not the dowager. Aren't you speaking of the time you played the heroine in *Mr. Wu*?"

"Quite right. But fancy your remembering Nang-Ping—it's quite a long time ago now."

"Perhaps the fact that you wore trousers has something to do with it!"

"Oh, those trousers! They were responsible for the worst stage fright I have ever experienced. Perhaps you may remember that there was a garden scene with a pond, round which some Chinese

"DRESSING ROOM DIALOGUES" (*concluded*)

girls were playing. Nang-Ping made her entry from behind, and one night, at the very moment when I appeared on the stage, there was an unexpected roar of laughter from the audience. I could see nothing to account for it, and felt convinced that my trousers must be coming down!"

"A paralysing reflection."

"Paralysing is the *mot juste*. I simply didn't dare to move! Imagine my relief when I suddenly saw that one of the girls playing by the pond had overbalanced and fallen in."

"Nang-Ping must have been your first big part, I imagine?"

"In London—yes; and I gained a lot of useful experience in it. I wonder if you remember that ear-piercing shriek I had to let off at the end of the first act?"

"My tympanum shudders at the mere recollection."

"I had never had to do a shriek like that before, and in view of your evident apprehension I will add that I hope I shall never need to again. You have no idea what a job it was to rehearse it. At last some bright person suggested Earl's Court Exhibition and the switchback railway. By spending half an hour on the latter, and letting off a real blood-curdler every time the car went down an incline, I got all the practice I wanted, and nobody took any notice of me! I can freeze marrows with anybody now."

"A very useful accomplishment in the Grand Guignol. But I hope the Gramophone people won't suborn you for a record. . . . Any other stage adventures?"

"Well, a rather absurd thing happened the other day, when I was playing a love scene with Mr. Nicholas Hannen. It was at a charity matinée, and consequently the man in charge of the curtain didn't know the piece. I am afraid he didn't think much of our acting—stage hands *are* cynical, you know—for he either went to sleep or lost himself in gloomy retrospection over the winner of the 3.30 race. At all events, he was so startled when the audience gave us a round of sudden applause, and so incredulous that the audience could be pleased with anything except our exit, that he jumped to the conclusion the piece was over, and had the curtain down before anyone could stop him. It would have been an anti-climax to pull it up again, so for this performance only the course of true love ended somewhat abruptly."

"You don't regret having taken service with the devil?"

"And how do you like your first taste of revue?"

"Very much indeed. It is great fun and sharpens one's wits. And it's awfully good for one's arithmetic—counting the laughs, you know. No two audiences at a revue are ever alike, as you quickly find out if you compare the number of times each laughs at the same show. Some laugh at all the jokes, some laugh not quite so much, and some—well, no, we haven't had any of the third sort yet!"

"You don't regret having taken service with the devil, then?"

"Not a bit, since his establishment doesn't run to a parlourmaid. As *that* sort of servant one never gets a chance to do anything but try to look trim and tidy. But the maid-of-all-work type gives a lot of scope for character to anyone who doesn't mind sacrificing appearances."

"But I suppose, like all young actresses, your real ambition is for Shakespeare?"

"As a matter of fact it is—but nowadays that's very unfashionable, you know. Most of us yearn to play Barrie parts—and you'll agree that's not altogether surprising. I nearly got a Barrie part myself once, and when the thing fell through I knew I had to go and have a good cry somewhere. Luckily the National Gallery was close at hand, but unluckily it was students' day and they wouldn't let me in! I was never more miserable in my life. . . . The most enjoyable part I ever had to play was Prunella,' which I was lucky enough to get in the Glasgow Repertory, when I had been only two months on the stage."

"By the way, if it's not impertinent, I would like to cross-examine you on a point of theatrical history. There was a Henry Arkell, who married, if I am not mistaken, into the Robertson family. It seems an uncommon name. Was he any relation?"

"Distantly, I believe. Removed to the *n*th, and then by marriage!"

"An interesting link, all the same. . . . Does that knock on the door mean you have to go?"

"I'm afraid so. It's time I was in hell. Where shall I look for you?"

"In the only possible place, since I can't come with you."

"Where's that?"

"The pit!"

"My Hat!"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

DOROTHY: "By the way, Mary dear, you haven't seen my new hat"
MARY'S HUSBAND: "Hasn't she? Then you didn't buy it anywhere in this neighbourhood!"

BY BLAMPIED

"A BOX OF SWEETS"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY BUTTERFLY

HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 18

DEAR COUSIN—

I SUPPOSE it's not good for us to be *too* happy. I mean, life is so lovely when we live it as we want to and when the Fates conspire—for a little while—to help us. The world is such a wonderful place and has such wonderful things in it—love and friends, and the sun and the moon and the stars, and trees and flowers, and the sea, and food and drink, and dancing and music, and theatres and books, and work, and games, the contest of body against body and brain against brain. . . .

卐 卐

IT'S so lovely. . . . Especially, perhaps, in these dear soft October days such as we've been having, that have been so rarely tinged and coloured with all the frightfully fascinating and overpowering charm of the unexpected. Gentle, silent, morning mists, which cleared away to give place to a sun calmly smiling in a blue sky; red and gold sunsets faintly fading into the returning mist, that lightly steals along and softens and blurs all the outlines of work-a-day reality.

卐 卐

THE stillness of October. . . . I'm not sure that isn't really what gives it its own most particular flavour and exquisitely inimitable delight. It has none of the violence of summer—or winter. No scorching heat, no freezing cold. Storms now and then, perhaps, and even driving rain, but not the icy, cruel kind that soak you chillingly, pitilessly, to the very bone. There is a sort of mellow mercy in October—unless, of course, the calendar (as, alas! *does* sometimes occur in these islands) should happen to go wrong. It lets you down gently, regretfully, from the sunny heights of summer into the murky depths of winter-time.

卐 卐

LIFE and the world are lovely these days. So lovely that sometimes in the sheer simple enjoyment of them we manage quite gloriously and recklessly to forget how—

Time is so brief, Eternity so long,
Life is so low, Infinity so high,
Our bodies are so weak, and Death so strong,
So soon we wither and so soon we die,
That only things of spirit will endure,
And love itself only of Love is sure.

"Dear soft October days"

That's why, as I was saying, perhaps. . . . But don't, for heaven's sake, let's be serious. That would never do.

卐 卐

AFTER all, even if, as one William Shakespeare remarked—

We are such stuff,
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

What *of* it? Our little life's, anyway, a very pleasant and even exciting thing here in London now. Where the autumn season has made its proper start at last, and looks like being quite the brightest yet since before the War—seven whole years ago.

"Fancy dress is rather a pompous not to say expensive undertaking"

卐 卐

PARLIAMENT meeting to-morrow brings nearly the last of the stragglers back, and already there've been signs that this is to be something of a record in the way of gay autumns. At the reopening dance at Claridge's the other night, for instance, quite a gala occasion and a bumper crowd in those three charming dancing-rooms that open one into the other, with the band from the Palais de Glace in Paris discoursing sweet music to a large selection of them that make modern social history, from Lady Diana Cooper onwards.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

And quite a madly and un-Britishly joyous throwing about of little soft-coloured balls from supper-table to supper-table—not to mention the showers of rose-leaves that fell upon us as we danced, and the dolls and the trumpets and other frivolous "favours" which were showered on the guests and converted what might have been a more or less dull and solemn rite into something very like a carnival. Fancy dress, *on dit*, is dead, but perhaps the new fashion of equipping us with these fascinatingly childish toys is even better for giving one the illusion of absolute *insouciance* and aloofness from the serious things of the world—which, after all, is the chief aim and object, isn't it?

卐 卐

Come to think of it, fancy dress is really rather a pompous, not to say expensive, undertaking at the best. So much anxious thought as well as so many Bradburys, in these hard times, to be expended on just one evening's amusement. While the other way you can get that dressed-up feeling just the same, only much more simply and easily, and feel yourself quite disguised in a paper cap or a false nose or an artificial rose, to speak to (and throw things at) even people to whom you may not happen to have been quite properly and *en régle* introduced.

"Depriving him of his (war-strength) beer"

卐 卐

Though whether we could create and keep up the illusion under an *entirely* Pussyfoot *régime* such as now begins to threaten even us is, perhaps, rather a different matter. Can't quite see oneself somehow blowing gaily striped and beribboned trumpets for no reason in particular or pelting perfect strangers with many coloured pellets, on a diet exclusively restricted to cocoa and ginger beer. Yet that's what does, at any rate, distantly, menace us at this very moment that is. For Scotland's to poll on the subject only a bare fortnight hence, and if Scotland should be conquered, what hope *can* there be left for us? I ask you.

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Not that most of us prob'ly take or want *much* alc. these days—in fact, as far as I can gather, we appear to be a particularly sober generation compared with most. It's just the mere fact of blank and utter prohibition that seems, from all one hears of the sad example of the U.S., to be so frightfully and completely devastating in its moral effects. "You can't think, Blanchette," writes one who has just returned here in despair, so he says, after twelve years residence (quite happily till of late) across the water—"you can't imagine how Pussyfoot has, yes, there's no other word for it, *demoralised* the States already even in this short time.

"I bought a bottle of whisky myself for £15"

卐 卐

"You hear stories of there being more drink than ever going over there, and how the law is really quite a dead letter and doesn't affect social or any other life at all. Don't you believe it. Of course, the rich and well-to-do, especially those who were far-seeing enough to lay in stocks of liquor, can go on much as before, at least in their own homes. And as most things in America are run by graft, you can generally get drink—of a sort—by paying for it. I bought a bottle of whisky myself the other day for £15, and bought it off a State official, too. You see, it was there in bond and he could get it out for me—at a price!

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"But for the general public it is different. Quite half and more of the restaurants in the big cities are shutting up shop, ruined. Perhaps you'll say that may not be altogether a calamity. But meanwhile the amount of drug-taking and drinking of bad substitutes and pernicious home-brewed concoctions is simply appalling, and is playing the very devil with the nation's health. Very immoral of people, of course, to refuse to tread the straight path that the teetotal fanatics have laid down for them, but there it is, and the cold fact stares you in the face that they are very much worse off every way than they were before. And the general discontent and unrest is something awful. Really and truly, I don't think I've ever seen a country so near the verge of a revolution!"

卐 卐

Gives one rather to think, doesn't it? Especially when you consider that the British "working-man" doesn't seem—well, altogether in *quite* such a submissive mood just now, does he, that one could altogether guarantee complete success for the experiment of depriving him of his (war-strength) beer? Better almost, perhaps, to go on being "immoral"—and free?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

The control price in the Home Market leaves us no profit. That is why we are advertising the Export Bottle only.

WHISKY

With a Literary Flavour

When an admirer wrote and asked to be introduced to an Agent who could supply him with one dozen bottles of Haig & Haig, "the Whisky with the fine literary flavour," he got the assistance that his complimentary letter entitled him to.

Of course, no Whisky can have a "literary flavour," but Haig & Haig Whisky has a flavour that other Whiskies have not, and Haig & Haig take a little more trouble than other Distillers in telling the public what qualities go to give Haig & Haig the distinction that it has in the Whisky world.

(1) It is much older than other Whiskies.

(2) It is more "malty" than other Whiskies.

(3) It is, therefore, more scarce than other Whiskies.

(4) Consequently it is also dearer than other Whiskies in all markets where free competition is permitted.

If all stimulants were used moderately, and if stimulants were all of the high-class quality of Haig & Haig Whisky, there would be no attention paid to screaming prohibitionists; and "Local Option" would result (in dry areas particularly) in the most discriminating people, in such areas, endeavouring to get supplies of

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

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Photograph *Central News*

"BRACKET" WINS THE CESAREWITCH

The finish of last week's great race at Newmarket, when Mrs. G. Robinson's horse, with S. Donoghue up, won by two lengths from "Front Line." Readers of the "Daily Graphic" will remember that "Mr. London" tipped "Bracket" to win in a sprightly verse last week

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Cesarewitch Day

ONE of the charms of Newmarket is the spaciousness of the place. In the ordinary way you can enjoy your race there in great comfort, with plenty of elbow-room both in ring and paddock. On the Cesarewitch day, however, things are not nearly so cosy. The attractiveness of the race is extraordinary. It brings together a crowd which overflows even Newmarket's exceptional accommodation, and in the enclosures you find yourself buffeted about in a way which is disconcerting to those who frequent the Heath in quieter times. I was asked last Wednesday whether I did not think the crowd was a record, but, remembering other enormous Cesarewitch musters, I contented myself with the opinion that the vast gathering was fully up to the average of the day. I never saw so many motors on the Heath, and the Great Eastern's splendid service of special trains brought thousands in comfort to Newmarket and back to town in time for dinner.

By "The Tout"

"FANCY MAN"

Mr. Fred Hardy is the owner of the much discussed Cambridgeshire favourite, "Fancy Man." Mr. Hardy hails from Manchester, where his brew is of the best, and it goes without saying that his victory in next week's big handicap would be a popular affair in "Cottonopolis"

Bracket

THE downfall of the two favourites would have been a body blow to the big backers, but for the fact that very few of them left Bracket out of calculation. You could not logically do that, knowing the confidence of her shrewd trainer and the previous good performances of the filly this season. I got 9 to 1 about Bracket on the afternoon of the race, and that was about the best price you could ever have secured about her since the publication of the weights.

"Come on, Steve!"

THE new catch phrase in the ring seems to be "Come on, Steve!" It arose from the enthusiastic supporters of Donoghue shouting that jockey home. When the Cesarewitch horses started, far out of sight of the stands, I heard the usual "Come on, Steve!" yelled in Tattersall's. He came on all right, riding his usual cool, well-judged race on Bracket.

The Cambridgeshire

IN the old days we used to reckon that the running in the Cesarewitch had a big bearing on Cambridgeshire prospects, but that idea has not been borne out for a long time. I saw nothing in last week's race likely to win the Cambridgeshire. There is an idea that Blue Dun will make amends for her failure by securing the shorter race, but I think she must be all to pieces to have given such a wretched display. All the same, we are going to have a highly interesting Cambridgeshire. Square Measure ran a remarkably good public trial. Orpheus, too, must have a big chance on his latest

THE WORCESTER PARK BEAGLES AT CHIPSTEAD, SURREY
The Meet at Chipstead Station

performances, and Chuette also comes into the picture. Fancy Man is thought a lot of, and the Irishmen expect to win with Wavystripe. You will realise, therefore, that we are likely to have plenty of excitement next week.

A Few Selections

At Gatwick—"strikes" permitting—this week the County Nursery may be won by **Honest Penny,** who will find the distance more to his liking than the mile over which he failed at Newmarket. I suggest **Silver Image** as the probable winner of the Downe Nursery at Doncaster on Friday. That meeting will clash with Sandown Park, where the third day will be devoted to National Hunt racing—a sure sign of the approaching winter. Raybarrow or Henry B. might win the Norbiton Hurdle Race, and **Thomond** the Park Steeplechase.

Photographs *Sport and General*

A MEET OF THE BASTED BEAGLES AT SHOREHAM, KENT: OFF TO DRAW

HUNTING NOTES

Women as Masters

They are looking forward to a good season's sport in the Bedale country, where Lady Masham is taking on an adventure in the Mastership. I do not think that Yorkshire, with all its packs of foxhounds, has ever before claimed a woman M.F.H. Indeed, it is not so many years since the proposal to have a lady in command of a foxhunting country would have been looked upon with horror by old-fashioned subscribers. "No one is too good to be a Master of Foxhounds," writes Lord Willoughby de Broke in his recently published book, and he goes on to point out the exceptional qualities which the M.F.H. ought to possess. Well, the women are showing that they are able to manage a hunting country as well as the men. There were no complaints with the Atherstone while Mrs. Inge was hunting the country. Everybody who hunted with Mrs. Fernie's Hounds last season is quite satisfied to know that there is to be no change in the control. With less important packs in Wales and Ireland women M.F.H.'s have proved decidedly successful, and I do not think the Bedale people will have reason to grumble during Lady Masham's leadership.

(*Continued on next page*)

HUNTING NOTES (*concluded*)

The Prince of Wales's 'Chaser

It does not seem to be generally known that during his sojourn in Australia the Prince of Wales was presented by Mr. J. M. Niall with Kinlark, the winner of the Australian Steeplechase. I have just seen a good photograph of this horse, and he seems to me to be a very fine stamp of a 'chaser, big-boned, powerful, and up to weight. He looks like going to the front with the hounds, and it may be that the Prince of Wales will ride him in due course in the Shires. Possibly he will first put him into training for steeplechasing, so we may see Kinlark carry the Royal colours in the Liverpool Grand National. What a wonderful ovation he would be given if he were to win that great sporting event!

The Passion for Pace

Earl Bathurst, who has hunted the Cirencester side of Vale of White Horse for many years, declares that the present generation of young hunting men and women think nothing of a hunt unless it is fast. He suggests that many abhor a long, slow hunting run. The indictment may be true, but, surely, it is not a thing of modern growth. Records of foxhunting show that the chase had its hotheads even in its earliest days. The truth is Field Masters always have found the followers difficult of control—not when scent is breast high and hounds are running hard, but on those days when the pack cannot hold the line for more than ten minutes together. It is then that the huntsman can prove himself a genius in his profession. On the eve of a new season it is well for young foxhunters to bear in mind that over-exuberance frequently means loss of sport, not only for themselves, but for the rest of the field.

Photograph *Richard Clapham*

MR. J. R. HEATON
Master and Huntsman of the Lunesdale and Oxenholme Staghounds

With the Quorn

I am glad to learn that the Quorn are doing very well among the cubs and there is every prospect of a first-rate season with the famous pack. A certain part of their country has been closed to them so far owing to standing crops, but much of the barley and oats was cut during the brilliant weather last week, and Major Burnaby is looking forward to a busy time among the cubs in Walton Thorns, Mundy's, Charlton's gorses, Ragdale and other famous coverts. A. W. C.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

DEHUMANIZED

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17 in. by 12 in., at 1s. each.

DISCIPLINE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

HAVING won the "war to end wars," we proceed with characteristic stupidity to prepare for the next.

It was the liveliness of being unprepared which defeated the deadliness of Germany's preparation.

Discipline was the ruin of Germany.

But our rulers have learnt nothing. Despite the colossal failure of the doctrine of Force, it is still accepted as the only means of government. Hence the chaotic economic condition of the world to-day.

Two years after the Armistice militarism is still rampant and seeking fresh adventure; fresh armies are being recruited, and in most of our Public Schools Military Training Corps are compulsory. So, at the dawn of Youth, is a healthy Individualism sacrificed to the false god of Discipline.

Historians a century hence will laugh at us for barbaric fools.

The present system of army training is neither appropriate, efficient, or instructive. Forming fours or manœuvring round cow-sheds is of no use in modern warfare.

The prospective soldiers in every country should be trained to the realities and inured to endurance. They should be dumped in a foul-smelling trench, infested with lice and surrounded by unspeakable filth, and patriotic civilians should dance round them, singing "You stay in the corner with ideals while we make a corner by low deals."

That is twentieth century Discipline.

* * * * * * *

Discipline is the mother of Delusion.

Discipline is an invention for the castigation of impotent minds.

Discipline as preached by those in power may be analysed thus, "You do as I tell you, then I can do as I like." Discipline is used for the physical exhibition of political rage.

Discipline is the chain of tradition and convention.

Discipline is the key which locks the gate of intellect.

Discipline is the arch-enemy of the artist.

Discipline in love is the negation of the beautiful.

Discipline is not for the new and splendid generation.

Discipline is anti-Dionysus.

* * * * * * *

It is so much easier to attack Discipline than to defend the mountainous price of clothes. These prices, however, are at least as reasonable as the essay. Lounge Suits from £12 12s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

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Photograph *Alfieri*

NAVAL BASEBALL

Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee and Commander Kennedy watching a baseball match at Chatham between teams of the American and British Navies. The Americans, of course, won at a game which is indigenous to America, but the losers put up quite a good fight

Sports & Pastimes

GOLF

Amateurs Outplayed

THE foursomes competition at Sunningdale last week, specially arranged as a trial of strength between leading amateurs and professionals, was, to all intents and purposes, settled before the first blow was struck. Everybody, not even excepting the players themselves, seemed to be agreed that 2 holes up was not a big enough start for the amateurs to receive, and as the draw was arranged so that a professional couple met an amateur couple in each of the first round matches, some of the prophets were even bold enough to declare that not a single pair of the "weaker brethren" would survive their first encounter.

A Bigger Start Wanted

THINGS were not quite as bad as this. Out of eight pairs two were victorious in the first round, but this only delayed their downfall until the second, and the encounter thus served to emphasise the superiority of the man who makes golf his livelihood over him who plays it for the fun of the thing—which, after all, is only natural. But it still leaves in doubt the actual extent of that superiority. It has been suggested that three holes up would more nearly meet the case, and even though this might prove to be too heavy an impost for the professors I should like to see it tried. If the amateurs were to win I very much doubt whether the win would be as one-sided as that of the professionals was last week.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Belated Judgment

WHEN the recent decision of the Rugby Football Union in the case of the London Welsh Club was promulgated, one had to scratch one's head and try and remember what it was all about, for the "incident" happened as long ago as last April. One knows, of course, that Rugby football stops in April and does not start again till the latter end of September, but this would hardly appear to entitle the governing body of the game to go to sleep during the intervening period. Regrettable incidents, if judicial notice of them is to be taken at all, should be dealt with promptly; otherwise they are best consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness.

Photograph *Sport and General*

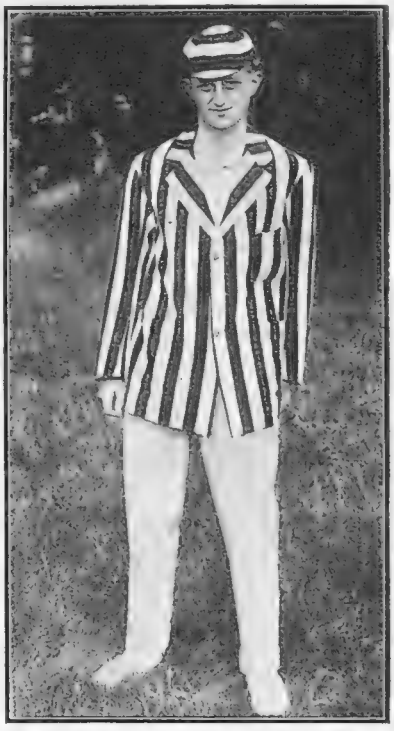
H. H. S. HARTLEY

Who has been re-elected President of the Cambridge University Boat Club. He stroked the winning Cambridge crew last spring

Newport

ON the two following pages are reproduced some striking photographs of players of the renowned Newport team engaged in practising the "art and mystery" of the game of which they are

(Continued on page 214)



Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE HON. D. F. BRAND

Son of Viscount Hampden, who succeeds W. W. Hill Wood as captain of the Eton Cricket Eleven

NEWPORT'S FAMOUS RUGBY TEAM

SOME OF THE PLAYERS IN ACTION

Tackling an opponent in the line-out. Strictly speaking, the tackler is a little too previous, for the other man is not yet actually in possession of the ball

Hammett (centre three-quarter) gives an accurate pass at the right moment, end before he can be effectively tackled, to his wing man, J. Shea

Holland (three-quarter) has passed when tackled by Wreford (full back) to Vile (half-back), who has grabbed at the ball a little too soon and will probably fail to hold it

Last Saturday's encounter between Newport and Blackheath, the leading clubs in which some of the members of the Newport team have given, in front of th successfully played. Forwards and backs alike are all thorough masters of th J. Wetter (half-back), and H. Uzzell and J. Whitfield (forwards) played for Wales

A dribbling rush started in correct fashion. Names (left to right): Shea, Holland, Plummer, Boots, Wreford, Hammett

Holland (left wing three-quarter) at the finish of a long kick

Shea (three-quarter) in the act of making a cross-kick. Accurate cross-kicking is a most useful art in attack

England and Wales was the event of the week in Rugby football. Its occurrence gives an added interest to these illustrations camera, for the exclusive benefit of readers of the THE BYSTANDER, an exposition of the way in which "Rugger" is properly and science of the game. Last season no fewer than six of the Newport side played in International matches. J. Shea (three-quarter-back). J. Hammett (three-quarter-back) was chosen both for England and Wales, and played for England; and N. Macpherson played for Scotland

Photographs, exclusive to THE BYSTANDER, *by Sport and General*

such finished exponents. Newport is the leading club in Wales just as Blackheath is the leading club in England and last season it was a moot point which was the stronger club of the two. Blackheath were unbeaten except by Newport who beat them twice, but in the return match Blackheath, who had gone on from strength to strength as the season advanced, were handicapped by the fact that their best men were helping England to beat Scotland. But this is the kind of luck which is inseparable from "Rugger." If Wales had been playing an International match that day, Newport would have been similarly handicapped.

LAWN TENNIS

France Unrepresented at Queen's

It is a pity that no French players were able to come over to compete in the World's Covered Court Championships which have now entered upon their second week at Queen's Club, for the French are, without much doubt, the finest covered court players in the world. Those who have only seen A. H. Gobert and W. H. Laurentz at Wimbledon can hardly have any conception of the wonderful form that these players are capable of displaying, either singly or as a pair, on a wooden floor. The fact that grass courts are not used in France of course helps towards specialisation in hard and covered court play.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. HILL AND MRS. PATEY

Who, in the ladies' foursomes handicap tournament at Ranelagh last week, had the distinction of beating the scratch pair, Miss C. Leitch and Miss Grant Suttie. They ultimately won the event

Is the Grass Court Doomed?

Which reminds me that a well-known writer on lawn tennis has expressed the belief that the game of the future will be played entirely on hard courts, whether in or out of doors, to the utter exclusion of the surface from which it derives its name. He bases his contention upon the undoubted superiority of the hard court over the grass court from the "all-weather" point of view, and also upon the fact that the hard court by reason of its fast and accurate surface is more conducive to the production of that perfection of stroke which it is the aim of every player to acquire. Sound as his argument may be, I doubt whether the revolution which it involves will be effected as rapidly as he believes. Turf is a British institution and it will take a long time to wean the Englishman from the sort of playground on which he feels most at home.

H. S. S.

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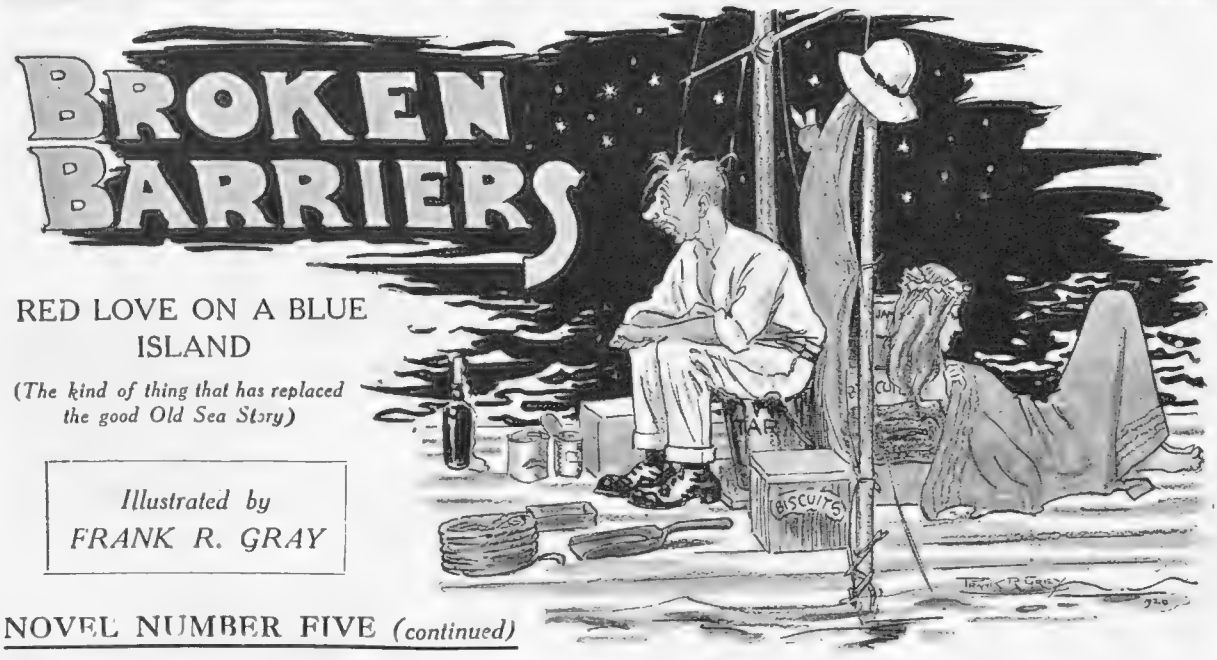
NEW NONSENSE NOVELS
BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



RED LOVE ON A BLUE ISLAND

(The kind of thing that has replaced the good Old Sea Story)

Illustrated by
FRANK R. GRAY

NOVEL NUMBER FIVE *(continued)*

I NEED not dwell in detail upon the busy and arduous days that followed our landing upon the island. I had much to do. Each morning I took our latitude and longitude. By this I then set my watch, cooked porridge, and picked flowers till Miss Croyden appeared.

With every day the girl came forth from her habitation as a new surprise in her radiant beauty. One morning she had bound a cluster of wild arbutus about her brow. Another day she had twisted a band of convolvulus around her waist. On a third she had wound herself up in a mat of bull rushes.

With her bare feet and wild bull-rushes all round her, she looked as a cave woman might have looked, her eyes radiant with the Caribbean dawn. My whole frame thrilled at the sight of her. At times it was all I could do not to tear the bull rushes off her and beat her with the heads of them. But I schooled myself to restraint, and handed her a rock to sit upon and passed her her porridge on the end of a shovel with the calm politeness of a friend.

Our breakfast over, my more serious labours of the day began. I busied myself with hauling rocks or boulders along the sand to build us a house against the rainy season. With some tackle from the raft I had made myself a set of harness by means of which I hitched myself to a boulder. By getting Miss Croyden to beat me over the back with a stick, I found that I made fair progress.

But even as I worked thus for our common comfort, my mind was fiercely filled with the thought of Edith Croyden. I knew that if once the barriers broke, everything would be swept away. Heaven alone knows the effort that it cost me. At times nothing but the sternest resolution could hold my fierce impulses in check. Once I came upon the girl writing in the sand with a stick. I looked to see what she had written. I read my own name "Harold." With a wild cry, I leapt into the sea and dived to the bottom of it. When I came up I was calmer. Edith came towards me; all dripping as I was, she placed her hands upon my shoulders. "How grand you are!" she said. "I am," I answered; then I added, "Miss Croyden, for Heaven's sake don't touch me on the ear. I can't stand it." I turned from her and looked out over the sea. Presently I heard something like a groan behind me. The girl had thrown herself on the sand and was coiled up in a hoop. "Miss Croyden," I said, "for God's sake don't coil up in a hoop." I rushed to the beach and rubbed gravel on my face.

With such activities, alternated with wild bursts of restraint, our life on the island passed as rapidly as in a dream. Had I not taken care to notch the days upon a stick and then cover the stick with tar, I could not have known the passage of the time. The wearing out of our clothing had threatened a serious difficulty. But by good fortune I had seen a large black and white goat wandering among the rocks and had chased it to a standstill. From its skin, leaving the fur still on, Edith had fashioned us clothes. Our boots we had replaced with alligator hide. I had, by a lucky chance, found an alligator upon the beach, and attaching a string to the fellow's neck I had led him to our camp. I had then poisoned the fellow with tinned salmon and removed his hide.

Our costume was now brought

into harmony with our surroundings. For myself, garbed in goat skin with the hair outside, with alligator sandals on my feet and with whiskers at least six inches long, I have no doubt that I resembled the beau ideal of a cave man.

As for Edith Croyden, I can only say that as she stood beside me on the beach in her suit of black goat skin (she had chosen the black spots) there were times when I felt like seizing her in the frenzy of my passion and hurling her into the sea. Fur always acts on me just like that.

It was at the opening of the fifth week of our life upon the island that a new and more surprising turn was given to our adventure. It arose out of a certain curiosity, harmless enough, on Edith Croyden's part. "Mr. Borus," she said one morning, "I should like so much to see the rest of our island. Can we?"

"Alas, Miss Croyden," I said, "I fear that there is but little to see. Our island, as far as I can judge, is merely one of the uninhabited keys of the West Indies. It is nothing but rock and sand and scrub. There is no life upon it. I fear," I added, speaking as jauntily as I could, "that unless we are taken off it we are destined to stay on it."

"Still I should like to see it."

"Come on then," I answered, "if you are good for a climb we can take a look over the ridge of rocks I climbed the first day."

We made our way across the sand of the beach, among the rocks and through the close matted scrub beyond which an eminence of rugged boulders shut out the further view.

Making our way to the top of this we obtained a wide look over the sea. The island stretched away to a considerable distance to the eastward, widening as it went, the complete view of it being shut off by similar and higher ridges of rock.

But it was the nearer view, the foreground, that at once arrested our attention. Edith seized my arm. "Look, oh look!" she said.

Down just below us, on the right hand, was a similar beach to the one that we had left. A rude hut had been erected on it, and various articles lay strewn about.

Seated on a rock, with their backs towards us, were a man and a woman. The man was dressed in goat skins, and his whiskers, so I inferred from what I could see of them from the side, were at least as exuberant as mine. The woman was in white fur, with a *fillet* of seaweed round her head. They were sitting close together, as if in earnest colloquy.

"Cave people," whispered Edith, "aborigines of the island."

But I answered nothing. Something in the tall outline of the seated woman held my eye. A cruel presentiment stabbed me to the heart.

In my agitation my foot overset a stone, which rolled noisily down the rocks. The noise attracted the attention of the two seated below us. They turned and looked searchingly towards the place where we were concealed. Their faces were in plain sight. As I looked at that of the woman I felt my heart cease beating and the colour leave my face.

I looked into Edith's face. It was as pale as mine.

"What does it mean?" she whispered.

"Miss Croydon," I answered, "Edith—It means this. I have never found the courage to tell you. I am a married man. The woman seated there is my wife. And I love you."

Edith put out her arms with a low cry and clasped me about the neck. "Harold," she murmured.

"Have I done wrong?"

"Only what I have done, too," she answered. "I, too, am married, Harold, and the man sitting there below, John Croyden, is my husband."

With a wild cry I had leapt to my feet.

"'Your husband!" I shouted. "Then by the living God, he or I shall never leave this place alive."

He saw me coming as I bounded down the rocks. In an instant he had sprung to his feet. He gave no cry. He asked no question. He stood erect as a cave man would, waiting for his enemy.

And there upon the sands beside the sea we fought, barehanded and weaponless.

For a while we circled round one another, growling. We circled four times, each watching for an opportunity. Then I picked up a great

(Continued on page 220)

"The beau ideal of a cave man"

GIRLS OF LONDON TOWN

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And Miss Kensington plays with them all for a while.

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R.H.

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ABDULLA

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

handful of sand and threw it flap into his face. He grabbed a cocoanut and hit me with it in the stomach. Then I seized a twisted strand of wet seaweed and landed him with it behind the ear. For a moment he staggered. Before he could recover I jumped forward, seized him by the hair, slapped his face twice, and then leaped behind a rock. Looking from the side I could see that Croyden, though half dazed, was looking round for something to throw. To my horror I saw a great stone lying ready to his hand. Beside me was nothing. I gave myself up for lost, when at

"'Swat him with that,' she cried"

that very moment I heard Edith's voice behind me saying, "The shovel, quick, the shovel!" The noble girl had rushed back to our encampment and had fetched me the shovel. "Swat him with that," she cried. I seized the shovel, and with the roar of a wounded bull—or as near as I could make it—I rushed out from the rock, the shovel swung over my head.

But the fight was all out of Croyden.

"Don't strike," he said, "I'm all in. I couldn't stand a crack with that kind of thing."

He sat down upon the sand limp. Seen thus, he somehow seemed to be quite a small man, not a cave man at all.

"I surrender," he said. "Take both the women. They are yours."

I stood over him, leaning upon the shovel. The two women had closed in near to us.

"I suppose you are *her* husband, are you?" Croyden went on.

I nodded.

"I thought you were. Take her."

Meantime Clara had drawn nearer to me. She looked, somehow, very beautiful with her golden hair in the sunlight.

"Harold!" she exclaimed. "Harold, is it you? How strange and masterful you look. I didn't know you were so strong."

I turned sternly towards her.

"When I was alone," I said, "on the Himalayas hunting the humpo or humped buffalo——."

Clara clasped her hands looking into my face.

"Yes," she said, "tell me."

Meantime I could see that Edith had gone over to John Croyden.

"John," she said, "you shouldn't sit on the wet sand like that. You will get a chill. Let me help you to get up."

I looked at Clara and at Croyden.

"How has this happened" I asked, "tell me."

"We were on the same ship," Croyden said. "There came a great storm. Even the Captain had never seen——"

"I know," I interrupted, "so had ours."

"The ship struck a rock, and blew out her four funnels——"

"Ours did too," I nodded.

"The bowsprit was broken, and the steward's pantry was carried away. The captain gave orders to leave the ship——"

"It is enough, Croyden," I said, "I see it all now. You were left behind when the boats cleared, by what accident you don't know——"

"I don't," said Croyden.

"As best you could, you constructed a raft, and with such haste as you might you placed on it such few things——"

"Exactly," he said, "—a chronometer, a sextant——"

"I know," I continued, "two quadrants, a bucket of water, and a lightning rod, I presume you picked up Clara in the sea?"

"I did," Croyden said, "she was unconscious when I got her, but by rubbing——"

"Croyden," I said, raising the shovel again, "cut that out."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It's all right. But you needn't go on. I see all the rest of your adventures plainly enough."

"Well, I'm done with it all anyway," said Croyden gloomily. "You can do what you like. As for me, I've got a decent suit back there at our camp, and I've got it dried and pressed and I'm going to put it on."

He rose wearily.

"What's more, Borus," he said, "I'll tell you something. This island is not uninhabited at all."

"Not uninhabited!" exclaimed Clara and Edith together. I saw each of them give a rapid look at her goat skin suit.

"Nonsense, Croyden," I said, "this island is one of the West Indian keys. On such a key as this the pirates used to land. Here they careened their ships——"

"Did what to them?" asked Croyden.

"Careened them all over from one end to the other," I said. "Here they got water and buried treasure; but beyond that the island was, and remained, only the home of the wild gull and the sea mews——"

(*Continued on page 222*)

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

"All right," said Croyden, "only it doesn't happen to be that kind of key. It's a West Indian island all right, but there's a summer hotel on the other end of it not two miles away."

"A summer hotel!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, an hotel. I suspected it all along. I picked up a tennis racket on the beach the first day; and after that I walked over the ridge and through the jungle and I could see the roof of the hotel. Only," he added, rather shamefacedly, "I didn't like to tell her."

"Oh, you coward," cried Clara. "I could slap you."

"Don't you dare," said Edith. "I'm sure you knew it as well as he did. And, anyway, I was certain of it myself. I picked up a copy of last week's paper in a lunch-basket on the beach, and hid it from Mr. Borus. I didn't want to hurt his feelings."

At that moment Croyden pointed with a cry towards the sea.

"Look!" he said, "for Heaven's sake, look!"

We turned.

Less than a quarter of a mile away we could see a large white motor launch coming round the corner. The deck was gay with awnings and bright dresses and parasols.

"Great Heavens!" said Croyden. "I know that launch. It's the Appin-Jones's."

"The Appin-Jones's!" cried Clara. "Why we know them too. Don't you remember, Harold, the Sunday we spent with them on the Hudson?"

Instinctively we had all jumped for cover, behind the rocks.

"Whatever shall we do?" I exclaimed.

"We must get our things," said Edith Croyden. "Jack, if your suit is ready run and get it and stop the launch. Mrs. Borus and Mr. Borus and I can get our things straightened up while you keep them talking. My suit is nearly ready, anyway; I thought someone might come. Mr. Borus, would you mind running and fetching me my things; they're all in a parcel together, and perhaps if you have a looking-glass and some pins, Mrs. Borus, I could come over and dress with you."

. . . . . .

That same evening we found ourselves all comfortably gathered on the piazza of the Hotel Christopher Columbus. Appin-Jones insisted on making himself our host, and the story of our adventures was related again and again to an admiring audience, with the accompaniment of cigars and iced champagne. Only one detail was suppressed, by common instinct. Both Clara and I felt that it would only raise needless comment to explain that Mr. and Mrs. Croyden had occupied separate encampments.

Nor is it necessary to relate our safe and easy return to New York.

Both Clara and I found Mr. and Mrs. Croyden delightful travelling companions, though, perhaps, we were not sorry when the moment came to say good-bye.

"The word 'good-bye,'" I remarked to Clara, as we drove away, "is always a painful one. Oddly enough, when I was hunting the humpo or wild buffalo of the Himalayas——"

"Do tell me about it, darling," whispered Clara.

END OF NOVEL NO V.

Novel No. VI. is entitled "The Kidnapped Plumber."

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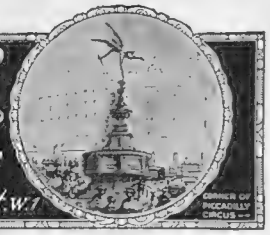

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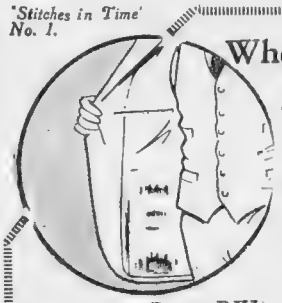

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

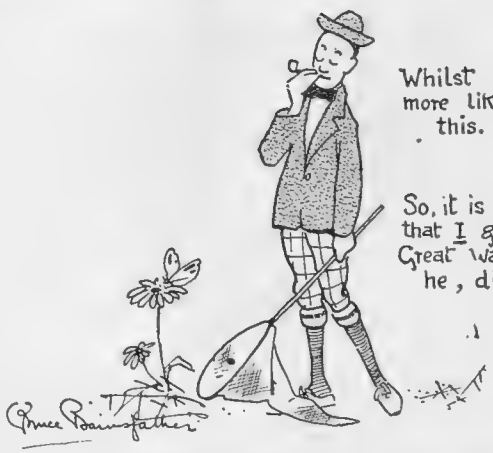
SOME apparently astonishing things are not really astonishing at all. One is often disposed to believe that a man's career, because it happens to be startlingly unusual, must be in the nature of an inexplicable phenomenon. I have heard, for instance, people say that Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's world-wide success was due to the merest luck. I have heard it said that the end of the War would see the end of Old Bill and his creator. I have heard it said that a hundred other black-and-white artists could have matched his success had they *happened* to submit a humorous drawing of the horrors in France at the precise "psychological" moment. (In point of actual fact, every editor in London was receiving such drawings by the score.) Bairnsfather *happened* to be different. And if ever there was a man who deserved his success it was the man who was "lucky" enough to make the world laugh at the appropriate moment.

HOW thoroughly well deserved this success really was may be gauged by examining an entertaining book just published called *The Bairnsfather Case* (Putnam: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) The title itself is intriguing, the more so as the Case itself is being tried before Mr. Justice Busby, with Mr. W. A. Mutch for the prosecution, and Captain Bairnsfather himself for the defence. You will hardly be surprised to learn that as a prosecuting counsel Mr. Mutch is so hopeless a failure as to lead you to imagine that he must have been bribed by the Judge or the defence, or somebody like that. If Mr. Mutch is a poor lawyer, he is an excellent advocate.

IT was a delightful idea on Mr. Mutch's part to conceive such a biography as this; for his chapters alternate with others written by Bairnsfather himself, and the creator of Old Bill, don't forget, is much more than a black-and-white artist. He is a successful dramatist, a lecturer who delighted people wholly unaccustomed to lectures, a humorist who makes his own rules. And here in this book, enriched by numerous sketches by B.B. himself, you have the intensely interesting and dramatic career of one against whom Fate for long years seemed to bear a cruel grudge. It is strange to read of an officer of the old Army throwing up his commission for Art's sake, being rudely "turned down" by Art, and taking to electricity for his daily bread. But if it is strange, it is also instructive and moving.

THERE are stern and serious critics who have said that Bairnsfather cannot draw. Mr. Mutch, forgetting his position as prosecuting counsel, proves the contrary. So does Bairnsfather in consenting to illustrate the case against himself. And—but why go on? It is perfectly true what Mr. Mutch says in his preface: the world at large has long been demanding to know the real story of Bairnsfather's life. Here it is set forth in a truly delightful and oddly original fashion, and it says much for the editor that he has persuaded a man who hates the limelight as much as Bairnsfather does—ask him how he enjoyed giving his lectures!—to satisfy so wide-spread a demand. *The Bairnsfather Case* is assured of success, and after reading it, the world will agree with the "Ceal" to whom it is dedicated, "that it wasn't all luck."

IF in reading Cynthia Lombardi's romance, *A Cry of Youth* (Appleton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) you inevitably think of Robert Hichens, and wonder how he would have treated this story of Rome, your enjoyment is not thereby decreased. In Rome, of course, things can happen which are not likely to happen elsewhere. In this story you begin by being sorry for the American girl, Margaret Randolph, who is forced by poverty to become a governess. Life is grey, even in Rome, until she meets the young and (perhaps too), handsome Fra Felice Estori. He



A BAIRNSFATHER ILLUSTRATION
From "The Bairnsfather Case" reviewed on this page

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

ought never to have been a monk, and would not have become one but for unpleasant family reasons. These two dear people very naturally fall in love, and what is to be done? "When in Rome . . ." does not always apply. A nice painter, called Fauvel, arranges things in that bold Bohemian way which is so agreeable to read about, but which should not be imitated in real life. A son is born, and accidentally killed. An unpleasant female creature makes mischief. Margaret returns to America. Estori, after an unfortunate murder, retires to a Trappist monastery. It all sounds unnecessarily tragic and a little crude, but the story is well worked out.

❋ ❋

YACHTSMEN are about the most conservative people in the world. There is generally only one way to do things on a yacht—the way it has always been done before. But imagine—imagine a man like Mr. Arnold Bennett suddenly deciding to own a yacht! That it will be a craft, such as never was, goes without saying, and that it will poke its nose, if I may use so landlubberish a word, into places where ordinary yachts would not dream of sailing, is equally to be expected.

A SKETCH FROM BAIRNSFATHER'S NOTEBOOK
Illustrating his accurate observation of detail. This picture will be found in "The Bairnsfather Case," by Bruce Bairnsfather and W. A. Mutch

❋ ❋

YOU may read of Mr. Bennett's adventures in his book *From the Log of the Velsa* (Chatto and Windus: 15*s.* net). From its pictures the Velsa must be the most priceless of boats—a sort of sea-card. In it Mr. Bennett has journeyed to strange places in Holland and the Baltic, and lost his skipper, and engaged a cook who like himself dabbled in water-colours, and in general had a mighty fine time. And these chapters of his are good-natured and are "cardish." Mr. Bennett is no Baedeker. He is not yachting in order to visit museums, but when his skipper does allow him to visit them you get a paragraph or two which would have caused Baedeker to turn in his grave. And the owner of the Velsa was never ill. . . . Sometimes a catastrophe nearly happened, but it never did quite. This, as you know, proves that Mr. Bennett is a good yachtsman in addition to being a writer of good books.

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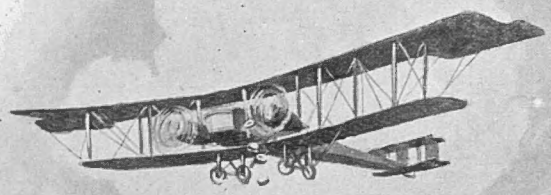

SOME OF THE HUNDRED "CITROEN" CARS

Lent to Messrs. Harrods recently for the week of their piano sale. These cars carried over 2,000 passengers between their homes and Brompton Road and were driven by ex-officers. Messrs. Gaston, of Great Portland Street, are the sole agents in England for this popular light car

ACCORDING to the summer-like weather we have enjoyed lately, it seems quite in the fashion of things to see agricultural motors for ploughing, cultivating, rolling, seeding, cutting, and binding corn, to say nothing of taking the produce of the land to the railway station and bringing the farmers' supplies back again, staged at Olympia this week among the commercial motor vehicles. What surprises me more than most is that there are not aeroplanes staged as well, especially as nowadays there are machines built specially for commercial work that can run on the road, fly in the air, and paddle along on the water. But, bless your heart alive! you can't expect the S.M.M.T. to be as ambi-whatever-it-is as all that, can you? Anyway, the Commercial Motor Vehicle Show is well worth a visit, as there is much to see, also to hear about, and it is not all dry. One of the most striking exhibits is the Palladium saloon motor coach, which has a special folding roof to enable it to be equally comfortable in good or bad weather.

* * *

THE seats are arranged in pairs at each side of a central gangway, sliding tables being provided for picnicking or card-playing on long journeys and electric lights to see that there are not more than four aces in the pack. The side windows can be pulled up and down and don't rattle, as there is a special fixing device to prevent this happening, be the road ever so lumpy. Then double cantilever springs make the riding so comfortable that you might think you were in a hammock on the briny, they swing so softly. I know about this personally, as I tried them on Wimbledon Common over the most horrible pot-holes, stone heaps, and "hazards" generally that I wonder the lot of us were not locked up by the police for "hogging" to the danger of our persons. 'Tis a good 'bus, so 'nuff said.

* * *

WHAT with huge pneumatic tyres on some of the chassis, you begin to think that you must have arrived at the giant age of motor-cars. I wondered if Dora had got mislaid and was well overproof instead of 30 u.p. and I was seeing things, but then when my friend on the Albion stand offered me an 895 m.m. by 135 m.m. on all four wheels of their new 20 h.p. 25 cwt. chassis fifteen-seater motor-coach I knew I must be all right. But I felt that we mere motor-car owners were no longer to have the country lanes to ourselves, for these motor coaches will tempt the beanfeasters to take holidays on every opportunity.

* * *

EVEN the Leyland 33-seater single-deck 'bus for the Edinburgh Corporation and the Leyland 65 h.p. fire-engine added to these fears, as well as to one's admiration for the wonderful progress in road machines that has been made. Perhaps the

(Continued on page 230)

O.S.

Sir James Barrie

says:

"Should only be smoked by our greatest men. I seldom recommend it to men whom I do not know intimately lest in after years I should find them unworthy of it."

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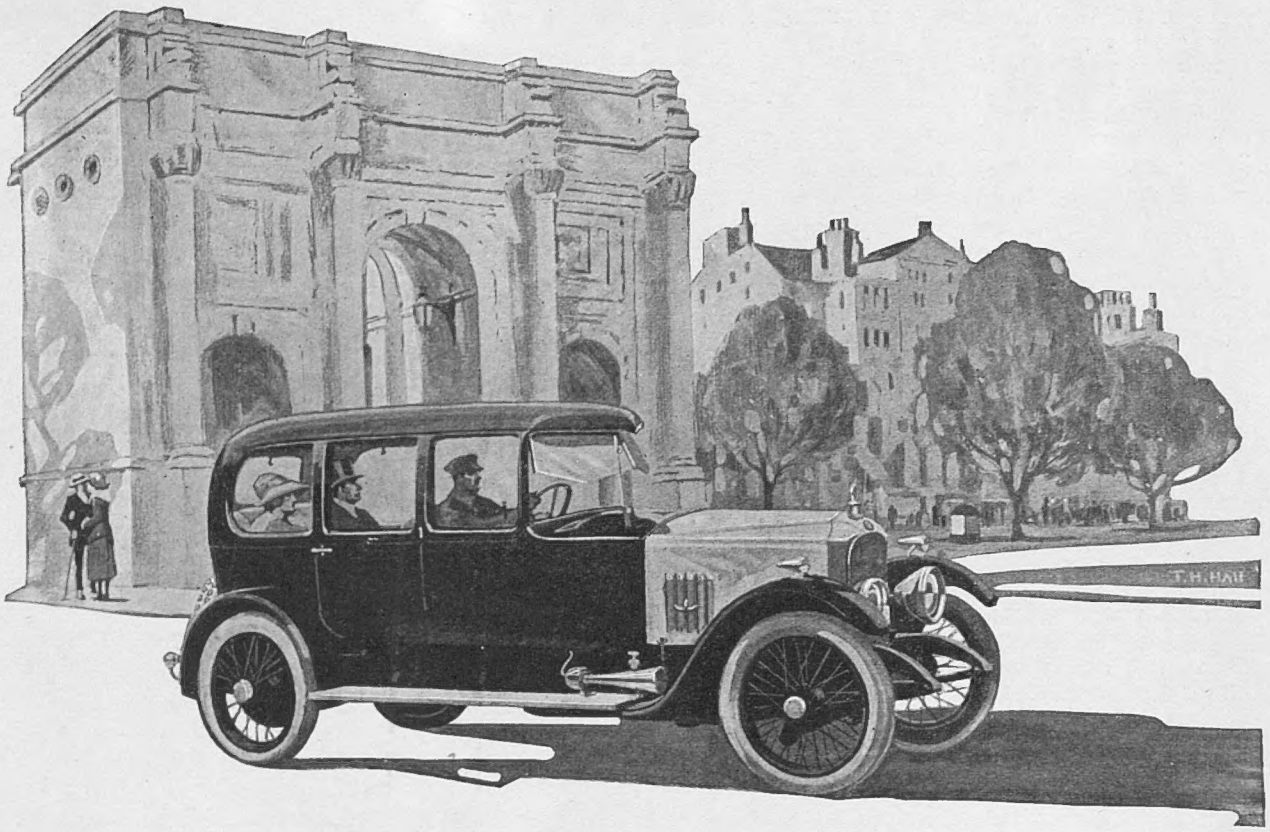
DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF VAUXHALL CARS



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THE 30-98 h.p. sporting Vauxhall stands in a class of its own. Admittedly it is the fastest car of standard production on the road. With the tractability and refinement of the 25 h.p. Vauxhall it combines extraordinary power and speed.

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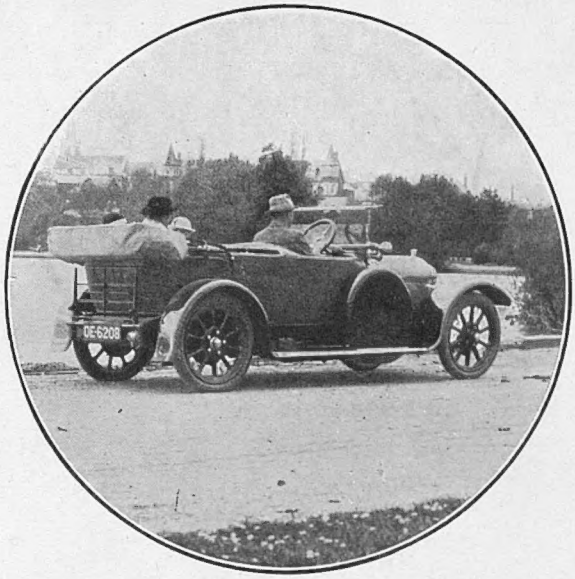
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

Scammell six-wheeler, a sort of cargo road ship, scared me most of what we shall now meet on the road, but don't pass it by, and have a good look at the brake system, which is ingenious and practical. Our warfare tanks seem to have given some of these commercial vehicle builders a tip to follow, as the Caledon gear-box, always in constant mesh, follows the lines of that fighting 'bus.

* *
*

As for the Daimler stand, I looked upon it as a haven of refuge to write my notes, for dignified comfort and sound engineering work is writ large on all their exhibits. Silent running with smooth travel is the keynote of their commercial vehicles, just as it is of the cars, and what more can you want? From there I proceeded to Beardmore's, as they stage a taxi-cab and van chassis—you can use it for either—built at the Arrol-Johnston works. Personally, I'm all for the taxi side of the business, as I think the owner cab-driver will find good value here, for it should stand up well, and to make a taxi pay its corn bill it has got to be always on the road and not in the repair shop.

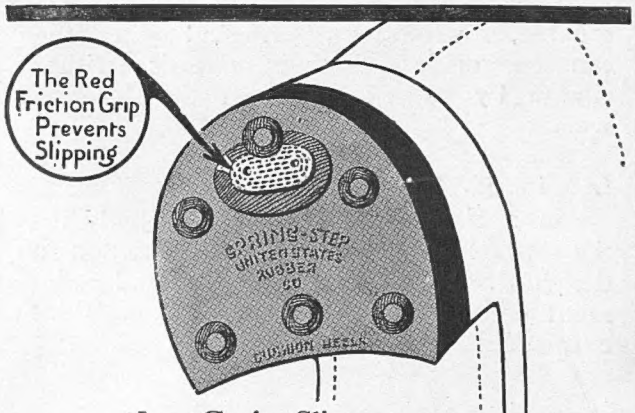
THE Napier van is such a familiar friend on the road delivering goods from various tradesmen at our doors that, talking about the new Napier car's doings since last Olympia Show, I forgot to ask its price, as that's about the only thing people don't know about it. Anyway, whatever the figure was, I do remember something about it was not going up and down every minute like a thermometer gone mad. It is based on the sound commercial principle of production costs plus reasonable profit, so you won't be robbed, anyway. The 30 cwt. Vulcan is staged as the farmer's utility vehicle to assist the Glasgow agricultural tractor to remember it has finished its stunt hill-climbing at Lincoln, and that a tip waggon can stick its nose in the air, even if it cannot give the driver a switch-back display.



A WOLSELEY FIFTEEN AT POOLE, DORSET

* *
*

By the way, the Vulcan tipping gear is the hydraulic type, though oil is the actual medium for the rams. But as there are something like seventy different makes of commercial, agricultural, motor-coach, lorry, and van chassis in this show, it is simply too much to expect me to catalogue the lot. I can only hope to tickle your motor palate sufficiently to persuade you to go and eat some more of the show yourself. One part of it should not be missed during the week you have got to inspect it, and that is the tyre and accessory stands. I rather fancy we shall all have to use cheaper fuel somehow or another, and there are several paraffin carburettors suitable for cars no less than lorries. OLD HY.



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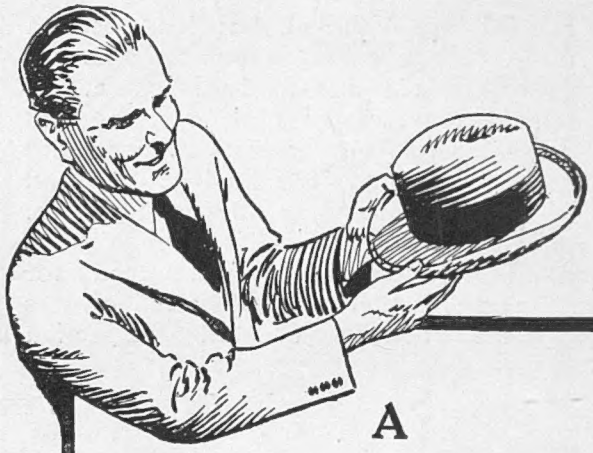

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